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TRUE DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

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TRUE DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

Compiled by

FRANCIS BICKLEY

GUY CHAPMAN
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PREFACE

It has been the pleasure of many writers, be they poets or novelists, dramatists or authors professed of 'imaginary conversations,' to put invented words into the mouths of the persons of history. Of this little book the less ambitious object is to present a series of conversations actually historical.

Collections of isolated sayings, epigrams and aphorisms and *obiter dicta*, are apt to make but meagre reading: for nothing loses its savour so quickly as wit, and the wisdom of one generation is the platitude of the next; but a sustained bout of talk, significant enough to have been found worthy of record, and faithfully recorded, will not only have an intrinsic element of humour or pathos, tragedy or comedy, arising from its occasion and the relations of the speakers, but will convey a more vivid impression of those speakers as human beings, suffering or enjoying their lots, than any third-person description or analysis, however minute or subtle, is likely to do.

No dialogue has been here admitted which may not be supposed to be as near to verbal truth as, given the fallibility and the unconscious artistry of memory, may reasonably be expected; for they were all set down, or at any rate repeated to the writers, by those who took part in or listened to them.

And now let the talkers talk for themselves, aided only by such apparatus of comment and scenery as the recorders (and, very sparingly, the present editor) have seen fit to add.

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'THE END AND FALL OF PRIDE AND ARROGANCY'

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

GEORGE CAVENDISH, his gentleman usher.

DOCTOR PALMES, his chaplain and confessor.

SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, Constable of the Tower: sent to bring the Cardinal to London.

Scene : The Abbey of Leicester.

Time : November 27–28, 1530.

'THE END AND FALL OF PRIDE AND ARROGANCY'

UPON Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as meseemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there. 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you do?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, Sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your Grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, Sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he, 'that cannot be,' rehearsing divers times, 'eight of the clock, eight of the clock, nay, nay,' quoth he at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master: for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.' With that Master Doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chaplain and ghostly father, standing by, bade me secretly demand of him if he would be shriven, and to be in a readiness towards God, whatsoever should chance. At whose desire I asked him that question. 'What have you to do to ask me any such question?' quoth he, and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; until at the last Master Doctor took my part, and talked with him in Latin, and so pacified him.

* * *

Howbeit my lord waxed very sick, most likeliest to

die that night, and often swooned, and as methought drew fast towards his end, until it was four of the clock in the morning, at which time I asked him how he did. 'Well,' quoth he, 'if I had any meat; I pray you give me some.' 'Sir, there is none ready,' said I. 'I wis,' quoth he, 'ye be the more to blame, for you should have always some meat for me in a readiness, to eat when my stomach serveth me; therefore I pray you get me some; for I intend this day, God willing, to make me strong, to the intent I may occupy myself in confession, and make me ready to God.' 'Then, Sir,' quoth I, 'I will call up the cook to provide some meat for you; and will also, if it be your pleasure, call for Master Palmes, that ye may commune with him, until your meat be ready.' 'With a good will,' quoth he. And therewith I went first, and called up the cook, commanding him to prepare some meat for my lord; and then I went to Master Palmes and told him what case my lord was in; willing him to rise, and to resort to him with speed. And then I went to Master Kingston, and gave him warning, that, as I thought, he would not live; advertising him that if he had any thing to say to him, that he should make haste, for he was in great danger. 'In good faith,' quoth Master Kingston, 'ye be to blame: for ye make him believe that he is sicker, and in more danger than he is.' 'Well, Sir,' quoth I, 'ye shall not say another day but that I gave you warning, as I am bound to do, in discharge of my duty. Therefore, I pray you, whatsoever shall chance, let no negligence be ascribed to me herein; for I assure you his life is very short. Do therefore now

as ye think best.' Yet nevertheless he arose, and made him ready and came to him. After he had eaten of a cullis made of a chicken, a spoonful or two; at the last quoth he, 'Whereof was this cullis made?' 'Forsooth, Sir,' quoth I, 'of a chicken.' 'Why,' quoth he, 'it is fasting day, and St. Andrew's Eve.' 'What though it be, Sir,' quoth Doctor Palmes, 'ye be excused by reason of your sickness.' 'Yea,' quoth he, 'what though? I will eat no more.'

Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good morrow (for it was about seven of the clock in the morning); and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto Him my simple soul into His divine hands.' 'Not yet so, Sir,' quoth Master Kingston; 'with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer.' 'Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this, that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoriation of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And, as I suppose, this is the eighth day: and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy (although I may live a day or twain), but death, which is the best remedy of the three.' 'Nay, Sir, in good faith,' quoth Master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to

fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be.' 'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore, I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal Majesty; beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same: and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending (meaning the matter newly began between him and good Queen Katherine); then shall his conscience declare, whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of a royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite: but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chance hereafter you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again.

'And say furthermore, that I request his Grace, in God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new pernicious sect of Lutherans, that it do not increase within his dominions through his negligence, in such a sort, as that he shall be fain at length to put harness upon his back to subdue them; as the King of Bohemia did, who had good game, to see his rude commons (then infected with Wickliffe's heresies) to spoil and murder the spiritual men and religious persons of his realm; the which fled to the king and his nobles for succour against their frantic rage; of whom they could get no help or defence or refuge, but they laughed them to scorn, having good game at their spoil and consumption, not regarding their duties nor their own defence. And when these erroneous heretics had subdued all the clergy and spiritual persons, taking the spoil of their riches, both of churches, monasteries, and all other spiritual things, having no more to spoil, they caught such a courage of their former liberty that then they disdained their prince and sovereign lord with all other noble personages, and the head governors of the country, and began to fall in hand with the temporal lords to slay and spoil them, without pity or mercy, most cruelly. Insomuch that the king and other his nobles were constrained to put harness upon their backs, to resist the ungodly powers of those traitorous heretics, and to defend their lives and liberties, who pitched a field royal against them; in which field these traitors so stoutly encountered, the party of them was so cruel and vehement, that in fine they were victors, and slew

the king, the lords, and all the gentlemen of the realm, leaving not one person that bare the name or port of a gentleman alive, or of any person that had any rule or authority in the commonweal. By means of which slaughter they have lived ever since in great misery and poverty without a head or governor, living all in common like wild beasts abhorred of all Christian nations. Let this be to him an evident example, to avoid the like danger, I pray you. Good Master Kingston, there is no trust in routs, or unlawful assemblies of the common people; for when the riotous multitude be assembled, there is among them no mercy or consideration of their bounden duty; as in the history of King Richard the Second, one of his noble progenitors, which lived in that same time of Wickliffe's seditious opinions. Did not the commons, I pray you, rise against the king and the nobles of the realm of England; whereof some they apprehended, whom they without mercy or justice put to death? and did they not fall to spoiling and robbery, to the intent they might bring all things in common; and at the last, without discretion or reverence, spared not in their rage to take the king's most royal person out of the Tower of London, and carried him about the city most presumptuously, causing him, for the preservation of his life, to be agreeable to their lewd proclamations? Did not also the traitorous heretic, Sir John Oldcastle, pitch a field against King Henry the Fifth, against whom the king was constrained to encounter in his royal person, to whom God gave the victory? Alas! Master Kingston,

if these be not plain precedents, and sufficient persuasions to admonish a prince to be circumspect against the semblable mischief; and if he be so negligent, then will God strike and take from him his power, and diminish his regality, taking from him his prudent counsellors and valiant captains, and leave us in our own hands without his help and aid; and then will ensue mischief upon mischief, inconvenience upon inconvenience, barrenness and scarcity of all things for lack of good order in the commonwealth, to the utter destruction and desolation of this noble realm, from the which mischief God of His tender mercy defend us.

'Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.' And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anneal him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words, the

day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure.

Cavendish: *Life of Cardinal Wolsey.*

HOW SIR THOMAS MORE MET HIS FATE

SIR THOMAS MORE.

THOMAS POPE, afterwards a knight, servant to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor.

THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

THE EXECUTIONER.

Scene : The Tower of London.

Time : July 7, 1535.

HOW SIR THOMAS MORE MET HIS FATE

UPON the next morrow, Tuesday, being St. Thomas his eve and the utas[1] of St. Peter, in the year of our Lord 1535, according as he in his letter the day before had wished,[2] early in the morning came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good friend, on message from the King and Council that he should the same day before nine of the clock in the morning suffer death, and that therefore he should prepare himself thereto. 'Mr. Pope,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'for your good tidings I heartily thank you. I have been always much bounden to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours that he hath still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me; and yet more bounden am I to his Grace for putting me into this place where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And so, God help me, most of all, Mr. Pope, am I bounden to his Highness, that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me from the miseries of this wretched world, and therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for his Grace both here and also in the world to come.' 'The King's pleasure is farther,' quoth Mr. Pope, 'that at your execution you shall not use many words.' 'Mr. Pope,' quoth he, 'you do well

[1] Octave.

[2] His letter to his daughter, Margaret Roper, written with a piece of charcoal; in which he had said, 'I would be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow. For it is Saint Thomas' even and the utas of St Peter; and therefore long I to-morrow to go to God; it were a day very meet and convenient for me.'

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

ROGER ASCHAM.

LADY JANE GREY, aged thirteen.

Scene : Broadgate, the seat of the Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane's father.

Time : 1550.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

BEFORE I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lease such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me, 'I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother; whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I

bear them) so without measure misordered that I think myself in Hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me.'

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

Ascham: *The Schoolmaster.*

THE PROTESTANT PRIEST AND THE ROMISH BISHOP

THE REV. THOMAS MOUNTAIN.

STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.

SIR ANTHONY ST. LEGER, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

One much like unto DR. THOMAS MARTYN, author of the *Unlawfulness of Priests' Marriage*.

MR. HUNGERFORD.

Scene : The Church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark.

Time : October 11, 1553.

THE PROTESTANT PRIEST AND THE ROMISH BISHOP

In the year of Lord God a thousand five hundred and [fifty] three Queen Mary was crowned Queen of England, such a day of the month being Sunday; and the next Sunday after, I Thomas Mountain, parson of St. Michael's in the Tower Royal, otherwise called Whittington College in London, did there minister all kind of service according to the godly order then set forth by the most gracious and blessed prince King Edward the Sixth; and the whole parish, being then gathered together, did then and there most joyfully communicate together with me the holy Supper of the Lord Jesus, and many other godly citizens were then partakers of the same, who, with bitter tears of repentance, did not only lament their former wicked lives, but also the lack and loss of our most dread sovereign lord King Edward the Sixth, whom we were not worthy of, for our unthankfulness and disobedience both towards Almighty God and his Majesty. Now, while I was even a-breaking of the bread at the table, saying to the communicants these words, *Take and eat This*, etc., and *Drink This*, etc., there were standing by, to see and hear, certain serving men belonging to the Bishop of Winchester, among whom one of them most shamefully blasphemed God, saying, 'Yea, God's blood, standest thou there yet? saying *Take and eat*, *Take and drink;* will not this gear be left yet? You shall be made to sing another song within these few days, I trow, or else I have lost my mark.'

The next Wednesday following the Bishop of Winchester sent one of his servants for me to come and speak with my lord his master; to whom I answered that I would wait on his lordship after that I had done morning prayer. 'Nay,' saith his man, 'I may not tarry so long for you. I am commanded to take you wheresoever I find you, and to bring you with me; that is my charge given unto me by my lord's own mouth.' 'Well then,' said I, 'I will go with you out of hand, and God be my comfort, and strengthen me with His Holy Spirit this day and ever, in that same truth whereunto He hath called me, that I may continue therein to the end. Amen!'

Now, when I came unto the great chamber at St. Mary Overy's, there I found the bishop standing at a bay window with a great company about him, and many suitors both men and women, for he was going to the Court, among whom there was one Mr. St. Leger, a knight and Lord Deputy of Ireland, being a suitor also to my lord. Then the bishop called me unto him and said, 'Thou heretic! how darest thou be so bold to use that schismatical service still, of late set forth? seeing that God hath sent us now a Catholic queen, whose laws thou hast broken, as the rest of thy fellows hath done, and you shall know the price of it if I do live. There is such abominable company of you, as is able to poison a whole realm with your heresies.' 'My lord,' said I, 'I am none heretic, for that way that you count heresy, so worship we the living God; and as our forefathers hath done and believed, I mean Abraham, Isaac and

Jacob, with the rest of the holy prophets and apostles, even so do I believe to be saved, and by no other means.' 'God's passion,' said the bishop, 'did I not tell you, my Lord Deputy, how you should know an heretic? He is up with the "living God," as though there were a dead God. They have nothing in their mouths, these heretics, but "the Lord liveth, the living God ruleth, the Lord, the Lord," and nothing but the Lord.' Here he chafed like a bishop, and, as his manner was, many times he put off his cap and rubbed to and fro, up and down, the fore part of his head, where a lock of hair was always standing up, and that as some say was his grace; but, to pacify this hasty bishop and cruel man, the Lord Deputy said, 'My good Lord Chancellor, trouble not yourself with this heretic, I think all the world is full of them, God bless me from them! But as your lordship said even now full well, having a Christian queen now reigning over us, I trust there will be shortly a reformation and an order taken for these heretics, and I trust God hath preserved your honourable lordship even for the very same purpose.' Then said Mr. St. Leger unto me, 'Submit yourself unto my lord, and so you shall find favour at his hand.' 'I thank you, Sir,' said I, 'ply your own suit, and I pray you let me alone, for I never offended my lord, neither yet will I make any such submission as he would have me to do, be assured of that, God willing.' 'Well,' said he, 'you are a stubborn man.' Then stood there one by much like unto Doctor Martyn, and said, 'My lord, the time passeth away;

trouble yourself no longer with this heretic, for he is not only a heretic but a traitor to the Queen's Majesty, for he was one of them that went forth with the Duke of Northumberland and was in open field against her Grace; and therefore as a traitor he is one of them that is exempt out of the general pardon, and hath lost the benefit of the same.' 'Is it even so?' saith the bishop, 'fetch me the book that I may see it.' Then was the book brought him, wherein he looked as one ignorant what had been done, and yet he being the chief doer himself thereof. Then asked he of me what my name was. I said my name was Thomas Mountain. 'Thou hast wrong,' saith he. 'Why so, my lord?' 'Thou hast not mounted to Tyburn, or to such a like place.' Then said I unto him, 'I beseech your lordship be so good lord unto me, as to let me know mine accusers who they be, for I trust that I have not deserved neither to be hanged as a thief, nor yet to be burned as a heretic, for I only believe in one God in trinity, and as for the laws of the realm, I trust I have not offended or broken any of them.' 'No?' said the bishop. 'I will make thee to sing a new song or thou and I have done, for these two be always linked together, treason and heresy, and thou hast like a shameless man offended in both, and that shalt thou know. I will school thee myself.' Then he called for the marshal or some of his men, and there was none of them there. Then called he for one Mr. Hungerford, one of his own gentlemen; him he rounded in the ear a pretty while, and then openly the bishop said with a loud voice, 'I pray you, Mr.

Hungerford, take this traitorous heretic, and have him to the Marshalsea, and remember well what I have said unto you, for this is one of our new broached brethren that speaketh against all good works.' 'No, my lord,' said I, 'I never preached or spake against any of those good works which be commanded of God in the holy Scriptures to be done; for in those good works every Christian man ought to exercise himself all the days of his life, and yet not to think himself justified thereby, but rather to count himself an unprofitable servant when he hath done the best he can.' 'That is true,' quoth the bishop; 'indeed your fraternity was, is, and ever will be altogether unprofitable in all ages, and good for nothing but for the fire. Tell me, I pray thee, what good works was there done, either in King Harry's days or in King Edward's days?' 'Truly, my lord,' said I, 'there was done in the days of these two notable kings, of most worthy memory, many notable things most worthy of perpetual memory to the end. First, the Bishop of Rome was utterly abolished out of this realm, with all his usurped power and authority over all Christian princes; all idolatry, superstition, and hypocrisy suppressed; all false and feigned irreligious men and women discharged of their loitering in cloisters, and taught hence to serve God in spirit and truth, and no longer to worship Him in vain, devouring poor widows' houses under the pretence of long prayers. Also, and that like your lordship, they did erect many colleges. Also the universities of Cambridge and Oxford first by wise men were visited, then purged, well furnished with

godly learned masters of every house, and last of all continually relieved and maintained from time to time by the good and well disposed people of this city of London, that learned men might flourish. All these, my lord, were good works. Further, they did erect many fair hospitals; one for orphans and fatherless children,[1] wherein they may be taught to know their duty and obedience both to God and man, having both a schoolmaster and also an usher, to teach them their grammar; these likewise also have meat, drink, clothes, and lodging, launders, surgeons, and physicians, with all other necessaries. In the other houses,[2] my lord, there is the blind, the lame, the dumb, the deaf, and all kind of sick, sore, and diseased people; they have always with them an honest learned minister to comfort them, and to give them good counsel that they might patiently take in good part God's visitation. This they have: beside meat, drink, lodging, surgeons, and physicians. Are not all these good works, my lord?' Then the bishop said unto me in mockage, 'Sir, you have made a great speak; for, whereas you have set up one beggarly house, you have pulled down a hundred princely houses for it; putting out godly, learned, and devout men that served God day and night, and thrust in their place a sort of scurvy and lowsy boys. Well, to be short with thee, what sayest thou to the blessed Sacrament of the altar? how believest thou in that?' 'Not as you believe, my lord; for I never read in the

[1] Christ's Hospital.

[2] St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's.

Scripture of any such sacrament so called, and so unreverently to be hanged up in a rope, over a heap of stones, and that same to be worshipped of the people as God. Woe be unto them that so doth teach the people thus to believe! for they be false prophets, believe them who will; for truly I will not. Thus am I taught to believe.' 'By whom?' saith the bishop. 'For sooth, even by Jesus Christ, the high bishop and priest of our souls; who by the offering up of His own blessed body on the cross once for all, as Saint Paul saith to Hebrews, and there shedding His most precious blood hath cleansed us from all our sins; and I trust only by His death to have everlasting life.' 'What sayest thou now, thou shameless heretic, unto the holy and blessed mass?' 'My lord, suffer me to speak my conscience, I beseech you; I neither believe it to be holy nor yet blessed, but rather to be abominable before God and man, and the same to be accursed'; and with that I kneeled down and held up my hands, looking up unto Heaven, and said in the presence of them all, 'O Father of Heaven and of Earth! I most humbly beseech Thee to increase my faith and to help my unbelief, and shortly cast down for ever that shameful idol the mass, even for Jesus Christ's sake I ask it. Amen. God grant it for His mercy sake shortly to come to pass.' 'I cry you mercy, Sir,' said the bishop, 'how holy you are now! Did you never say mass, I pray you?' 'Yes, my lord, that I have, and I ask God mercy, and most heartily forgiveness for doing so wicked a deed.' 'And will you never say it again?' said the bishop. 'No, my lord, God willing:

never while I live, knowing that I do know; not to be drawn in sunder with wild horse. I trust that God will not so give me over and leave me to myself.' Then he cried, 'Away with him! it is the stubbornest knave that ever I talked with.'

Then Mr. Hungerford called for three or four of my lord's men to wait upon him to the Marshalsea; and by the way as we went he mightily persuaded with me, that I should give over mine heresies and wicked opinions as he termed them; and he would be a mean for me unto my lord, and offered me to go back again. I thanked him for his good will, and desired him that I might go forward to the place appointed by my lord. 'Well,' saith he, 'and there be no remedy, come on. I am sorry for you.' Then came we to the Marshalsea.

The Troubles of Thomas Mountain, Rector of St. Michael Tower Royal, in the Reign of Queen Mary; written by himself. (Camden Society: *Narratives of the Reformation.*)

POSTSCRIPT.—Mountain lay in prison several months, was released, and escaped to Antwerp. After Queen Mary's death he returned to England and a new benefice.

THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

JOHN KNOX.

LORD JAMES STEWART, the Queen's half-brother.

Scene : Holyrood.

Time : August 26, 1561.

WHETHER it was by counsel of others, or the queen's own desire, we know not; but the queen spake with John Knox, and had long reasoning with him, none being present, except the lord James—two gentlemen stood in the other end of the house. The sum of their reasoning was this. The Queen accused him, that he had raised a part of her subjects against her mother, and against herself; that he had written a book against her just authority—she meant the Treatise against the Regimen of Women—which she had, and should cause the most learned in Europe to write against it; that he was the cause of great sedition, and great slaughter in England; and that it was said to her, that all he did was by necromancy.

To which the said John answered, 'Madam, it may please your Majesty, patiently to hear my simple answers. And first,' said he, ' if to teach the truth of God in sincerity, if to rebuke idolatry, and to will a people to worship God according to His Word, be to raise subjects against their princes, then cannot I be excused; for it has pleased God of His mercy to make me one, among many, to disclose unto this realm the vanity of the papistical religion, and the deceit, pride, and tyranny of that Roman Antichrist. But, madam, if the true knowledge of God, and His right worshipping be the chief causes, which most move men from their heart to obey their just princes—as it is most certain that they are—wherein can I be reprehended ? I think, and am surely persuaded, that your Grace has had,

and presently has as unfeigned obedience, of such as profess Christ Jesus within this realm, as ever your father, or other progenitors had of those that were called bishops. And touching that book, which seems so highly to offend your Majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that an Englishman[1] hath written against it, but I have not read him; if he hath sufficiently improved my reasons, and established his contrary propositions, with as evident testimonies, as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance; but to this hour I have thought, and yet think myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute it.'

'You think,' said she, 'that I have no just authority?' 'Please your Majesty,' said he, 'that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published, both with pen and tongue, notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections, which they could not amend. Plato, the philosopher, wrote his book of the Commonwealth, in the which he

[1] This was John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, the Mr. Aylmer whom Lady Jane Grey had found so congenial a tutor. His tract was entitled *An Harbour for Faithful and true Subjects against the late Blown Blast concerning the Government of Women.*

damned many things that then were maintained in the world, and required many things to have been reformed; and yet, notwithstanding he lived under such policies, as then were universally received, without farther troubling of any estate. Even so, madam, am I content to do, in uprightness of heart, and with a testimony of a good conscience. I have communicated my judgment to the world; if the realm finds no inconveniency in the regimen of a woman, that which they approve shall I not farther disallow, than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or your authority: for in very deed, madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England.'

'But,' said she, 'ye speak of women in general.' 'Most true it is, madam,' said the other; 'and yet it appeareth to me, that wisdom should persuade your Grace, never to raise trouble for that, which to this day has not troubled your Majesty, neither in person nor in authority: for of late years many things, which before were holden stable, have been called in doubt; yea, they have been plainly impugned. But yet, madam, I am assured, that neither protestant nor papist shall be able to prove, that any such question was at any time moved either in public or in secret. Now, madam,' said he, 'if I had intended to have troubled your estate, because ye are a woman, I would have chosen a time

more convenient for that purpose, than I can do now, when your own presence is within the realm.

'But now, madam, shortly to answer to the other two accusations. I heartily praise my God through Jesus Christ, that Satan the enemy of mankind, and the wicked of the world, have no other crimes to lay to my charge, than such as the very world itself knows to be most false and vain. For in England I was resident only the space of five years. The places were Berwick, where I abode two years, so long in Newcastle, and a year in London. Now, madam, if in any of these places, during the time that I was there, any man shall be able to prove, that there was either battle, sedition, or mutiny, I shall confess that I myself was the malefactor, and the shedder of the blood. I shame not farther to affirm, that God so blessed my weak labours, that in Berwick—wherein commonly there used to be slaughter, by reason of quarrels that used to arise among soldiers—there was as great quietness, all the time that I remained there, as there is this day in Edinburgh.

'And where they slander me of magic, necromancy, or of any other art forbidden of God, I have witnesses—besides my own conscience—all the congregations that ever heard me, what I spake both against such arts, and against those that use such impiety. But seeing the wicked of the world said, "That my master, the Lord Jesus, was possessed with Beelzebub," I must patiently bear, albeit that I, a wretched sinner, be unjustly accused of those, that never delighted in the verity.'

'But yet,' said she, 'ye have taught the people to receive another religion, than their princes can allow: and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?' 'Madam,' said he, 'as that right religion takes neither original nor authority from worldly princes, but from the eternal God alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetite of their princes; for oft it is, that princes are the most ignorant of all others in God's true religion, as we may read as well in the histories before the death of Christ Jesus, as after. If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, madam, what religion should there have been in the world? Or, if all men, in the days of the apostles, should have been of the religion of the Roman emperors, what religion should have been upon the face of the earth? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar, and unto Darius, and yet, madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one nor of the other: for the three children said, "We make it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods." And Daniel did pray publicly unto his God, against the express commandment of the king. And so, madam, ye may perceive, that subjects are not bound to the religion of their princes, albeit they are commanded to give them obedience.'

'Yea,' said she, 'none of those men raised the sword against their princes.' 'Yet, madam,' said he, 'ye cannot deny but that they resisted: for these that obey not

the commandments that are given, in some sort they resist.' 'But yet,' said she, 'they resisted not by the sword.' 'God,' said he, 'madam, had not given unto them the power and the means.' 'Think ye,' said she, 'that subjects having power may resist their princes?' 'If their princes exceed their bounds,' said he, 'madam, and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but they may be resisted, even by power: for there is neither greater honour, nor greater obedience to be given to kings and princes, than God has commanded to be given to father and mother; but so it is, that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and finally bind his hands, and keep him in prison, till that his frenzy be overpast; think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? Or, think ye, madam, that God will be offended with them that have stayed their father to commit wickedness? It is even so,' said he, 'madam, with princes that would murder the children of God that are subjects unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a very mad frenzy; and, therefore, to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.'

At these words, the Queen stood as it were amazed, more than a quarter of an hour; her countenance

altered, so that Lord James began to entreat her, and to demand, 'What has offended you, madam?' At length, she said, 'Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you, and not me; and shall do what they list, and not what I command: and so must I be subject to them, and not they to me.' 'God forbid,' answered he, 'that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or yet to set subjects at liberty to do what pleases them. But my travail is, that both princes and subjects obey God. And think not,' said he, 'madam, that wrong is done unto you, when you are willed to be subject unto God: for, it is He that subjects the people under princes, and causes obedience to be given unto them; yea, God craves of kings, "That they be, as it were, foster-fathers to his kirk, and commands queens to be nurses unto his people." And this subjection, madam, unto God, and unto His troubled kirk, is the greatest dignity that flesh can get upon the face of the earth, for it shall carry them to everlasting glory.'

'Yea,' said she, 'but ye are not the kirk that I will nurse. I will defend the kirk of Rome, for it is, I think, the true kirk of God.'

'Your will,' said he, 'madam, is no reason; neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ. And wonder not, madam, that I call Rome a harlot; for that kirk is altogether polluted with all kind of spiritual fornication, as well in doctrine as in manners. Yea, madam, I offer myself farther to prove, that the kirk of the Jews, that crucified Christ Jesus, when that they

manifestly denied the Son of God, was not so far degenerated from the ordinances and statutes which God gave by Moses and Aaron unto His people, as that the kirk of Rome is declined, and more than five hundred years hath declined from the purity of that religion which the apostles taught and planted.'

'My conscience,' said she, 'is not so.' 'Conscience, madam,' said he, 'requires knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge you have none.' 'But,' said she, 'I have both heard and read.' 'So, madam,' said he, 'did the Jews who crucified Christ Jesus, read both the law and the prophets, and heard the same interpreted after their manner. Have ye heard,' said he, 'any teach, but such as the pope and the cardinals have allowed? And ye may be assured, that such will speak nothing to offend their own estate.' 'Ye interpret the Scriptures,' said she,' 'in one manner, and they in another; whom shall I believe, and who shall be judge?' 'You shall believe God,' said he, 'that plainly speaketh in His Word: and farther than the Word teacheth you, you neither shall believe the one nor the other. The Word of God is plain in the self; and if there appear any obscurity in any place, the Holy Ghost, who is never contrarious to Himself, explains the same more clearly in other places: so that there can remain no doubt, but unto such as will remain obstinately ignorant. And now, madam,' said he, 'to take one of the chief points, which this day is in controversy betwixt the papists and us: for example, the papists allege, and boldly have affirmed, that the mass is the ordinance

of God, and the institution of Jesus Christ, and a sacrifice for the quick and the dead. We deny both the one and other, and affirm, that the mass, as it is now used, is nothing but the invention of man; and, therefore, it is an abomination before God, and no sacrifice that ever He commanded. Now, madam, who shall judge betwixt us two thus contending? It is not reason that any of the parties be farther believed, than they are able to prove by unsuspected witnessing: let them lay down the Book of God, and by the plain words thereof prove their affirmatives, and we shall give unto them the plea granted. But so long as they are bold to affirm, and yet do prove nothing, we must say, that albeit all the world believe them, yet believe they not God, but do receive the lies of men for the truths of God. What our master Christ Jesus did, we know by His own evangelists: what the priest doth at his mass, the world seeth. Now, doth not the Word of God plainly assure us, that Christ Jesus neither said, nor yet commanded mass to be said at His Last Supper, seeing that no such thing as their mass is made mention of within the whole Scripture.'

'You are over-sore for me,' said the Queen, 'but and if they were here whom I have heard, they would answer you.' 'Madam,' said the other, 'would to God that the most learned papist in Europe, and he that you would best believe, were present with your Grace to sustain the argument; and that ye would abide patiently to hear the matter reasoned to the end; for then, I doubt not, madam, but that ye should hear the

vanity of the papistical religion, and how little ground it hath within the Word of God.' 'Well,' said she, 'ye may perchance get that sooner than ye believe.' 'Assuredly,' said the other, 'if ever I get that in my life, I get it sooner than I believe; for the ignorant papist cannot patiently reason, and the learned and crafty papist will never come into your audience, madam, to have the ground of their religion searched out; for they know that they are never able to sustain an argument, except fire and sword, and their own laws be judges.' 'So say you,' said the Queen; 'but I believe that it hath been so to this day.' Said he, 'For how often have the papists in this and other realms been required to come to conference, and yet could it never be obtained, unless themselves were admitted for judges. And, therefore, madam, I must yet say again, that they dare never dispute, but where themselves are both judge and party. And whensoever ye shall let me see the contrary, I shall grant myself to have been deceived in that point.'

And with this the Queen was called upon to dinner, for it was afternoon. At departing, John Knox said unto her, 'I pray God, madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland—if it be the pleasure of God—as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel.' Of this long conference, whereof we only touch a part, were divers opinions. The papists grudged, and feared that which they needed not; the godly thinking at least, that she would have heard the preaching, rejoiced; but they were utterly

deceived, for she continued in her massing; and despised and quietly mocked all exhortation. John Knox, his own judgment being by some of his own familiars demanded what he thought of the Queen, 'If there be not in her,' said he, 'a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me.'

Knox: *History of the Reformation.*

THE RIVAL QUEENS

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SIR JAMES MELVILLE OF HALHILL, Ambassador from the Queen of Scots.

Scene : St. James's.

Time : September, October 1564.

Being arrived at London, I lodged near the court which was at Westminster. My host immediately gave advertisement of my coming; and that same night her Majesty sent Mr. Hatton, afterwards Governor of the Isle of Wight, in her name to welcome me, and to shew me that the next morning she would give me audience in her garden at eight of the clock. She had been advertised by the Earl of Bedford, Governor of Berwick, that I was upon the way. That same night I was visited by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of my old and dearest friends by long acquaintance; first during his banishment in France, in the reign of Queen Mary; and afterward while he was Ambassador in France for this Queen, where I was for the time pensioner to King Henry II and servant to the Constable. This Sir Nicholas was my dear friend, and had procured a pension for me from his mistress, to help to entertain me on my travels, when I had willingly banished myself the court of France, so long as there were civil wars between France and Scotland. He was a devout friend to the Queen my mistress, and to her right and title to the succession to the crown of England. From him I had full information of affairs, and friendly advice how to proceed with the Queen, and every courtier in particular: for he was a special instrument of helping my Lord of Murray and Secretary Lidington to pack up the first friendship betwixt the two Queens; and betwixt the Earl of Murray and Lord Robert; and

between the two secretaries. Albeit he had no great kindness either for my Lord Robert or Secretary Cecil, yet he knew that nothing could be done without them. Among other counsels, he gave me advice to use great familiarity with the Ambassador of Spain, in case I found the Queen his mistress hard to be dealt with; alleging that it would be a great spur to move the Queen of England to give our Queen greater and more speedy contentment in her desire than yet she had done.

The next morning Mr. Hatton, and Mr. Randolph, late agent for the Queen of England in Scotland, came to my lodging, to convoy me to her Majesty, who was, as they said, already in the garden. With them came a servant of my Lord Robert's, with a horse and foot-mantle of velvet laced with gold for me to ride upon. Which servant, with the said horse, waited upon me all the time that I remained there. I found her Majesty walking in an alley. And after I had kissed her hand, and presented my letter of credence, I told her Majesty in French the effect of my commission, as near to the aforesaid instructions as I could; and sometimes being interrupted by her demands, I answered as I judged most pertinent. The reason why I spoke French, was, that being but lately come home, I could not speak my own language so promptly as was requisite. Her first demand was concerning the letter that the Queen had written to her with such despiteful language, that she thence conjectured all friendship and familiarity to have been given up: which had made her resolve never

to write any more, but another as despiteful which she took out of her pocket to give me to read, she having had it already written to shew it me. She told me she had hitherto delayed to send it, because she thought it too gentle, till she had written another more vehement, for answer to the Queen's angry bill. For my part, I appeared to find such hard interpretation to be made upon the Queen's loving and frank dealing very strange. I told her Majesty that my mistress could not call to mind what words they were which had given her such offence. Whereupon she brought forth the Queen's letter, giving it me to read.

Which when I had perused, I said I could find therein no offensive word, when I considered the familiarity had formerly been betwixt them: alleging, that albeit her Majesty could speak as good French as any who had not been out of the country, that yet she was out of use of the French court language, which was frank and short, and had frequently two significations, which familiar friends took always in the best part: intreating her Majesty to tear the angry letter, which she thought to have sent in answer. And in revenge of the Queen's, I protested, that I should never let her Majesty know that her true plain meaning had been so misconstrued. Having tossed some words upon this matter, she being desirous of an honest colour or pretext, she appeared the more readily satisfied in that point. For the fear she had, that friendship and correspondence should altogether break off, our Queen being the first seeker to renew and continue the same,

by sending me thither, thereby evidencing that she did not stand upon ceremonies with her elder sister, in my presence then she did rent her angry letter, with promise of such friendly and frank dealing in times coming, as all her good sister's dealings and proceedings should be interpreted to the best.

Thus the old friendship being renewed, she enquired if the Queen had sent any answer to the proposition of marriage made to her by Mr. Randolph. I answered, as I had been instructed, that my mistress thought little or nothing thereof, but expected the meeting of some commissioners upon the borders, with my Lord of Murray and the Secretary Lidington, to confer and treat upon all such matters of greatest importance, as should be judged to concern the quiet of both the countries, and satisfaction of both their Majesties' minds. 'For seeing your Majesty cannot so soon find the opportunity of meeting betwixt yourselves, so much desired, which in itself is not so expedient until all other jealousies be first removed, and all former doubts cleared by your most trusty and familiar counsellors, the Queen my mistress, as I have said, is minded to send for her part my Lord of Murray and the Secretary Lidington, and expects that your Majesty will send my Lord of Bedford and my Lord Robert Dudley.' She answered, it appeared that I made but small account of my Lord Robert, seeing that I named the Earl of Bedford before him: but said that ere long she would make him a far greater earl, and that I should see it done before my returning home. For she

esteemed him as her brother and best friend, whom she would have herself married, had she ever minded to have taken a husband. But being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the Queen her sister might marry him, as meetest of all other with whom she could find in her heart to declare her second person. For being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fears and suspicions, to be offended by any usurpation before her death. Being assured that he was so loving and trusty, that he would never permit any such thing to be attempted during her time.

And that the Queen my mistress might have the higher esteem of him, I was required to stay till I should see him made Earl of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh; which was done at Westminster with great solemnity, the Queen herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees before her with a great gravity. But she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck, smilingly tickling him, the French ambassador and I standing by. Then she turned, asking at me, 'How I liked him?' I answered, that as he was a worthy servant, so he was happy who had a princess who could discern and reward good service. 'Yet,' says she, 'you like better of yonder long lad,' pointing towards my Lord Darnley, who as nearest prince of the blood, did bear the sword of honour that day before her. My answer was, that no woman of spirit would make choice of such a man, who more resembled a woman than a man. For he was handsome, beardless and lady-faced. And I had no will that she should

think that I liked him, or had any eye or dealing that way. Albeit I had a secret charge to deal with my Lady Lennox, to endeavour to procure liberty for him to go to Scotland (where his father was already) under the pretext of seeing the country, and conveying the earl his father back again to England. Now I found the Queen of England was determined to treat with my sovereign first concerning her marriage with the Earl of Leicester, and for that effect she promised to send commissioners unto the borders.

In the meantime I was very favourably and familiarly used. For during nine days that I remained at the court it pleased her Majesty to confer with me every day, and sometimes thrice in a day, in the morning, after dinner and after supper. Sometimes she would say, that seeing she could not meet with the Queen her good sister to confer with her familiarly, that she was resolved to open a good part of her inward mind to me, that I might shew it again unto the Queen. She told me she was not so much offended with the Queen's angry letter, as that she seemed so far to disdain the marriage of my Lord of Leicester, which she had caused Mr. Randolph to propose to her. I answered, that it was probable he had let fall something thereof to my Lord of Murray and Lidington, but that he had never proposed the matter directly to herself, and that as well her Majesty, as those who were her most familiar counsellors, could conjecture nothing thereupon, but delays and driving off time concerning the declaring of her to be second person, which would be clearly

tried at the meeting of the commissioners above specified. She replied, that the trial and declaration thereof would be hasted forward according to the Queen's good behaviour, and applying herself to follow her pleasure and advice in her marriage. And seeing the matter concerning the said declaration was so weighty, and of so much import, she had ordered some of the best lawyers in England, diligently to search out who had the best right; and she heartily wished it might be found to be her dear sister, rather than any other. I said, I was very confident that her Majesty was ingenuous in that declaration, and that my mistress expected no other at her hand: but I lamented that even the wisest princes did not sufficiently pry into the hidden designs of their familiar counsellors and servants, except it were such an honourable and rare prince as Henry VIII, her Majesty's father of happy memory, who of his own head was determined to declare his sister's son, King James V, heir apparent to the crown of England, failing heirs to be gotten of his own body, while her Majesty was not yet born, but only her sister Queen Mary, and that for the earnest desire he had to unite this whole island. She said she was glad he did it not. I said, that then he had but one daughter, and expected no more children, 'and yet he had not so many suspicions in his head as your Majesty hath, though you are certainly convinced you will never have any children, seeing your Majesty declares yourself resolved to die a virgin.' 'Yes,' says she, 'I am resolved never to marry, if I be not thereto necessitated by the

Queen my sister's harsh behaviour toward me.' 'I know the truth of that, madam,' said I; 'you need not tell it me. Your Majesty thinks, if you were married, you would be but Queen of England; and now you are both King and Queen. I know your spirit cannot endure a commander.' She appeared to be so affectionate to the Queen her good sister, that she expressed a great desire to see her. And because their so much, by her, desired meeting could not be so hastily brought to pass, she appeared with great delight to look upon her Majesty's picture.

She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapt within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written, 'My Lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see that picture so named. She appeared loath to let me see it; yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof, and found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my Queen; which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said, 'Your Majesty hath here the original'; for I perceived him at the farthest part of the chamber, speaking with Secretary Cecil. Then she took out the Queen's picture and kissed it; and I adventured to kiss her hand, for the great love therein evidenced to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis-ball. I desired that she would either send it, or my Lord Leicester's picture, as a token unto the Queen. She

said, if the Queen would follow her counsel, that she would in process of time get all she had; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. It was at this time late after supper; she appointed me to be with her the next morning by eight of the clock, at which time she used to walk in her garden. She enquired several things of me relating to this kingdom, and other countries wherein I had travelled. She caused me to dine with her dame of honour, my Lady Strafford (an honourable and godly lady, who had been at Geneva banished during the reign of Queen Mary), that I might be always near her, that she might confer with me. I had formerly been acquainted with my Lady Strafford, as she passed through France. I had good intelligence from her and my Lady Throckmorton.

At divers meetings we had divers purposes. The Queen my mistress had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wearied, she being well informed of that Queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland and Italy, the buskins of the women was not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The Queen said she had clothes of every sort; which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best. I answered, In my judgment, the Italian dress:

which answer I found pleased her well; for she delighted to shew her golden coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me, what colour of hair was reputed best; and whether my Quen's hair or hers was best; and which of them two was fairest. I answered, The fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said, She was the fairest Queen in England, and mine the fairest Queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, They were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her Majesty was whiter, but my Queen was very lovely. She enquired which of them was of highest stature. I said, my Queen. 'Then,' saith she, 'she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low.' Then she asked what kind of exercises she used. I answered, That when I received my dispatch, the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting: that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories: that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said, reasonably, for a Queen.

That same day after dinner my Lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music (but he said that he durst not avow it), where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened a while, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back

was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, 'As I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdean, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how'; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion, to lay under my knee; which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber; for the Queen was alone. She enquired whether my Queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was good, and asked if I could speak Italian; which she spoke reasonably well. I told her Majesty I had no time to learn the language perfectly, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history or love matters. I said, I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to

press earnestly my dispatch. She said I was weary sooner of her company, than she was of mine. I told her Majesty, That though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress her affairs called me home: yet I was stayed two days longer, till I might see her dance, as I was afterward informed. Which being over, she enquired of me, whether she or my Queen danced best. I answered, The Queen danced not so high and disposedly as she did.

Then again she wished, that she might see the Queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page; that under this disguise she might see the Queen, as James V had gone in disguise to France with his own ambassador, to see the Duke of Vendôme's sister, who should have been his wife: telling her, that her chamber might be kept in her absence, as though she were sick: that none needed to be privy thereto, except my Lady Strafford, and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language, only answered it with a sigh, saying, 'Alas! if I might do it thus.' She used all the means she could to oblige me to persuade the Queen of the great love she did bear unto her, and that she was fully minded to put away all jealousies and suspicions, and in times coming to entertain a stricter friendship than formerly. She promised that my dispatch should be delivered to me very shortly at London, by Secretary Cecil: for now she was at Hampton Court, where she gave me her answer by mouth herself, and her secretary by writing.

Melville: *Memoirs.*

FOR KING OR PARLIAMENT?

JOHN HUTCHINSON, afterwards colonel in the Parliamentary army.

LORD NEWARK, Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire.

Scene: The Town Hall, Nottingham.

Time: 1642.

NOTE.—This dialogue does not form part of Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative, but was printed as a footnote, from a different manuscript, by the original editor of the *Memoirs*.

Hutchinson, who had been to York with a petition begging the King to meet his Parliament, had just returned to Nottingham. 'There,' writes his wife, 'going to the mayor to hear some news, he met with such as he expected not, for as soon as he came in, the mayor's wife told him that the sheriff of the county was come to fetch away the magazine that belonged to the trained bands of the county, which was left in her husband's trust; and that her husband had sent for the country to acquaint them, but she feared it would be gone before they could come in. Whereupon Mr. Hutchinson, taking his brother from his lodgings along with him, presently went to the town hall.'

MR. HUTCHINSON asking who were above, was told that the lord lieutenant, my Lord Newark, was there, to whom he sent his name and desired to speak with him; and being come up, found in the room, where the powder was weighing, my Lord Newark, the sheriff Sir John Digby, and two or three captains: Mr. Hutchinson, addressing himself to my lord only, spoke to him:

HUTCHINSON. My lord, hearing that there were some question concerning the country's powder, I am

come to kiss your lordship's hands, and to beseech you that I may know what your desires and intents are concerning it.

NEWARK. Cousin, the King desires to borrow it of the country, to supply his great necessities.

HUTCHINSON. I beseech your lordship, what commission have you to demand this?

NEWARK. Upon my honour, I have a commission from his Majesty, but it is left behind me; but I will engage my honour it shall be repaid the country.

HUTCHINSON. Your lordship's honour as an engagement would be accepted for more than I am worth; but in such an occasion as this, the greatest man's engagement in the kingdom cannot be a satisfaction to the country.

NEWARK. The King's intents are only to borrow it, and if the country will not lend it, he will pay for it.

HUTCHINSON. My lord, it is not the value of the powder we endeavour to preserve, but in times of danger, as these are, those things which serve for our defence are not valuable at any price, should you give as many barrels of gold as you take barrels of powder.

NEWARK. Upon my faith and honour, cousin, it shall be restored in ten days.

HUTCHINSON. My lord, such is the danger of the times, that for aught we know, we may in less than four days be ruined for want of it; and I beseech your lordship to consider how sad a thing it is in these times of war, to leave a poor country and the people in it, naked and open to the injury of every passenger;

for if you take our powder, you may as well take our arms, without which we are unable to make use of them, and I hope your lordship will not disarm the country.

NEWARK. Why, who should the country fear? I am their lord-lieutenant, and engaged with my life and honour to defend them! What danger are they in?

HUTCHINSON. Danger! yes, my lord, great danger; there is a troop of horse now in the town, and it hath often happened so that they have committed great outrages and insolences, calling divers honest men puritans and rogues, with divers other provoking terms and carriages. I myself was abused by some of them, as I passed on the road. I chanced to meet some of these gentlemen, who, as soon as I was past, inquired my name, and being told it, gave me another, saying among themselves, that I was a puritan and a traitor; as two or three honest men that came behind told me. Besides your lordship may be far off, and we ruined before you can come to us, being unarmed, and not able to defend ourselves from any body, and this country being a road through which, under the name of soldiers, rude people daily pass from the north to south, and terrify the country; which if they knew to be naked and unarmed, they would thereby be encouraged to greater insolences and mischiefs.

NEWARK. The King's occasions are such, and so urgent, as I cannot dispense with it for any reasons, but must needs have it.

HUTCHINSON. I hope your lordship will not deny that the country hath a right, interest, and property in it.

NEWARK. I do not deny it.

HUTCHINSON. Then, my lord, I hope his Majesty will not command it from them.

NEWARK. No, he doth but desire to borrow it.

HUTCHINSON. Then, I hope, if he do but desire to borrow it, his Majesty hath signified his request to those that have interest in it, under his hand.

NEWARK. Upon my honour he hath, but I left it behind me.

HUTCHINSON. I beseech your lordship, then, that you would not take it away till you have acquainted the country with it, who only have power to lend it; and if your lordship be pleased to do this, I will engage myself that by to-morrow at twelve of the clock, that part of the country who have interest in the powder shall all wait on your lordship, and give you their resolutions.

NEWARK. The King's occasions cannot admit of that delay.

HUTCHINSON. I beseech of your lordship, yet be pleased to consider the dangerous consequence of taking it without the country's consent, and be pleased but to stay till they can come in.

NEWARK. That time is more than his Majesty's necessities can dispense withal.

[With that Mr. Hutchinson went downstairs, where by that time a good company of the country were gathered together, to whom Mr. Hutchinson told

what my lord had said to him, and they desired him that he would but stand to them, and they would part with every drop of blood out of their bodies before he should have it; and said besides, that they would go up and break my lord's neck and the sheriff's out of the windows; but Mr. Hutchinson desired them to stay below, till he had once more spoken to my lord, and then, taking only one or two more with him, went up and spoke to my lord.]

HUTCHINSON. My lord, I am again, at the request of the country, that are below, come to your lordship, and do once more humbly beseech you to consider the business you are about, before you proceed further in it, for it may prove of dangerous consequence if you go on.

NEWARK. Cousin, I am confident it cannot, for the country will not deny this to the King.

HUTCHINSON. It's very probable they will not, if your lordship please to have patience till they can be called in, that they may be acquainted with his Majesty's desire.

NEWARK. His Majesty is very well assured of the willingness and cheerfulness of the greater part of the country to it.

HUTCHINSON. My lord, I do not know what assurance his Majesty hath of it, but if you please to look out of this window [pointing to the countrymen below in the streets], you will see no inconsiderable number gathered, who, I fear, will not be willing to part with it.

NEWARK. Those are but some few factious men, not to be considered.

HUTCHINSON. My lord, we have been happy yet, in these unhappy differences, to have had no blood shed, and I am confident your lordship is so noble and tender of your country, that it would very much trouble you to have a hand in the first man's blood that should be spent in this quarrel.

NEWARK. Cousin, it cannot come to that, fear it not [this was spoken very slightly and contemptuously]; his Majesty's occasions are urgent, and must be served.

[With that, the country came very fast up, which when the cavalier captains saw, they slunk down.]

HUTCHINSON. Why then, my lord, I must plainly tell you, not one here but will lose every drop of blood in his body before he will part with one corn of it, without your lordship can either show a command or a request for it under his Majesty's hand and seal, or that the country be called together to give their free consent to it, for we have all property and interest in it, being members of this county, and it being bought with our money, for the particular defence and safety of the same.

[My lord desired to borrow part of it, but that being denied, he turned to Sir John Digby and took him to the window, where, after he had whispered with him a while, Sir John Digby laid down his pen, ink, and paper, with which he had been taking an account of the powder, match, and bullet.

The countrymen desired my lord aloud, that he would not take away their powder out of the country; upon which, turning to them, he thus spoke:

'Gentlemen,—His Majesty was assured by some of the cheerfulness of this country's affections to him, which I am very sorry to see them so much failing in, and that the country should come so much short of this town, which hath cheerfully lent his Majesty one barrel of powder, but it seems he can have none from you; I pray God you do not repent this carriage of yours towards his Majesty, which he must be acquainted withal.'

A countryman, standing forth, asked his lordship this question, 'Whether, if he were to take a journey into a place where probably he might be set upon by thieves and robbers, and having a charge about him, if any friend should ask him to lend his sword, he would part with it and go himself without? My lord, the case is ours; our wives, children, and estates, all depend upon this country's safety; and how can it be safe in these dangerous times, when so many troops and companies pass through and commit outrages and abuses among us, if we have not arms and powder wherewith to defend us?'

My lord made no reply, but bade the men whom he had employed to weigh up the powder desist; and so went down the stairs. Mr. Hutchinson followed him, and as he went, an ancient gentleman, who was with my lord, whose face and name were both unknown to him, came to him and said these words:

'Stand to it; I'll warrant you, gentlemen, it is well done.' And as they passed through a low room, my lord took Mr. Hutchinson aside, and said:]

NEWARK. Cousin, I must acquaint the King with this!

HUTCHINSON. My lord, it is very likely you must, being employed upon his Majesty's service, give him an account.

NEWARK. Nay, cousin (smiling), I mean not so; but I must acquaint him, and I am sorry I must, that you are the head and ringleader of a faction, whereby you hinder his Majesty's service.

HUTCHINSON. My lord, I do not conceive how this can be a faction, I speaking only, out of the noble respect and honour I bear your lordship, in private to you, to prevent a mischief, the sense of these men, who I perceived were come to know by what authority, and why, their powder, which is their proper goods, and only means of safety in these times of danger, should be taken from them; and if it were a faction, I am not the head of it; I, accidentally coming to town from Sir John Byron's last night, and neither knowing nor imagining any of this business, was this morning importuned to wait on your lordship, at the town's hall, by many countrymen, who informed me you were taking away their powder out of the country.

NEWARK. Cousin, if you can answer it, I shall be glad of it; but I will assure you I must let his Majesty know.

HUTCHINSON. If his Majesty must know it, I am very happy I spoke to none but your lordship; who, I am

confident, is so noble, that you will neither add nor diminish anything to my prejudice; and then I am confident the justness and reasonableness of what I have said, with my own innocency in speaking it, will bear me out.

NEWARK. Aye, cousin, but your name is up already.

HUTCHINSON. It may be so, my lord; and I believe those that set it up had no good wishes to me; and as it rose, so, in the Name of God, let it fall; for I know my own clearness and innocency in anything that can be objected against me.

NEWARK. Well, cousin, well; I am glad of your good resolution.

[And so my lord left him. The gentlemen of the country that were there, upon consideration, what they should do with their powder, determined to return my lord thanks for sparing it, and to lock it up with two locks, whereof the sheriff should have one key, and the mayor another; which accordingly was done; but Mr. Hutchinson came no more to my lord.]

Lucy Hutchinson: *Life of Colonel Hutchinson.*

MONMOUTH ON THE SCAFFOLD

James Scott, Duke of Monmouth, bastard son of Charles II and Pretender to the Throne.

Four Ecclesiastics.

The two Sheriffs of London.

The Executioner.

Scene : The Tower of London.

Time : July 15, 1685.

MONMOUTH ON THE SCAFFOLD

THE late Duke of Monmouth came from the Tower to the scaffold attended by the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Tenison, and Dr. Hooper, which four the King was graciously pleased to send him as his assistants to prepare him for death; and the late duke himself intreated all four of them to accompany him to the place of execution, and to continue with him to the last. The two bishops, going in the lieutenant's coach with him to the bars, made seasonable and devout applications to him all the way; and one of them desired him not to be surprised, if they, to the very last, upon the scaffold, renewed those exhortations to a particular repentance, which they had so often repeated before.

At his first coming upon the scaffold he looked for the executioner, and seing him, said, 'Is this the man to do the business? Do your work well.'

Then the late Duke of Monmouth began to speak, some one or other of the assistants, during the whole time, applying themselves to him.

MONMOUTH. I shall say but very little; I come to die. I die a protestant of the Church of England.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, if you be of the Church of England, you must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true.

MONMOUTH. If I acknowledge the doctrine of the Church of England in general, that includes all.

ASSISTANTS. Sir, it is fit to own that doctrine particularly, with respect to your case. [Here he was much

urged about the doctrine of non-resistance, but he repeated in effect his first answer.]

[Then he began, as if he was about to make a premeditated speech, in this manner:]

MONMOUTH. I have had a scandal raised upon me about a woman, a lady of virtue and honour; I will name her, the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. I declare that she is a very virtuous and godly woman; I have committed no sin with her; and that which hath passed betwixt us was very honest and innocent in the sight of God.

ASSISTANTS. In your opinion, perhaps, sir, as you have often been told [i.e. in the Tower]; but this is not fit discourse in this place.

MR. SHERIFF GOSTLIN. Sir, were you ever married to her?

MONMOUTH. This is not a time to answer that question.

MR. SHERIFF GOSTLIN. Sir, I hoped to have heard of your repentance for the treason and bloodshed which hath been committed.

MONMOUTH. I die very penitent.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, it is fit to be particular; and, considering the public evil you have done, you ought to do as much good now as possibly you can, by a public acknowledgment.

MONMOUTH. What I have thought fit to say of public affairs, is in a paper which I have signed: I refer to my paper.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, there is nothing in that paper about resistance; and you ought to be particular in

your repentance, and to have it well grounded. God give you true repentance.

MONMOUTH. I die very penitent, and die with great cheerfulness, for I know I shall go to God.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, you must go to God in His own way: Sir, be sure you be truly penitent, and ask forgiveness of God for the many you have wronged.

MONMOUTH. I am sorry for every one I have wronged; I forgive everybody; I have had many enemies; I forgive them all.

ASSISTANTS. Sir, your ackowledgment ought to be public and particular.

MONMOUTH. I am to die; pray, my lord,—I refer to my paper.

ASSISTANTS. There are but a few words that we desire: we only desire an answer to this point.

MONMOUTH. I can bless God that He hath given me so much grace, that, for these two years last past I have led a life unlike to my former course; and in which I have been happy.

ASSISTANTS. Sir! Was there no ill in these two years? In these years these great evils have happened. And the giving public satisfaction is a necessary part of repentance; be pleased to own a detestation of your rebellion.

MONMOUTH. I beg your lordship that you will stick to my paper.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, as I said before, there is nothing in your paper about the doctrine of non-resistance.

MONMOUTH. I repent of all things that a true Christian ought to repent of: I am to die; pray, my lord——

ASSISTANTS. Then, my lord, we can only recommend you to the mercy of God; but we cannot pray with that cheerfulness and encouragement as we should if you had made a particular acknowledgment.

MONMOUTH. God be praised, I have encouragement enough in myself; I die with a clear conscience; I have wronged no man.

ASSISTANTS. How, sir, no man! Have you not been guilty of invasion, and of much blood which has been shed; and, it may be, the loss of many souls who followed you?—You must needs have wronged a great many.

MONMOUTH. I do, sir, own that; and am sorry for it.

ASSISTANTS. Give it the true name, sir, and call it rebellion.

MONMOUTH. What name you please, sir; I am sorry for invading the kingdom, for the blood that has been shed, and for the souls which may have been lost by my means; I am sorry it ever happened. [This he spoke softly.]

MR. SHERIFF VANDEPUT. [To some that stood at a distance.] He says he is very sorry for invading the kingdom.

ASSISTANTS. We have nothing to add, but to renew the frequent exhortations we have made to you, to give some satisfaction for the public injuries to the kingdom. There have been a great many lives lost by this resistance of your lawful prince.

MONMOUTH. What I have done has been very ill, and I wish with all my heart it had never been; I never was a man that delighted in blood; I was very far from it; I was as cautious in that as any man was; the Almighty knows how I now die with all the joyfulness in the world.

ASSISTANTS. God grant you may, sir: God give you true repentance.

MONMOUTH. If I had not true repentance I should not so easily have been without the fear of dying. I shall die like a lamb.

ASSISTANTS. Much may come from natural courage.

MONMOUTH. I do not attribute it to my own nature, for I am fearful as other men are; but I have now no fear, as you may see by my face; but there is something within me which does it, for I am sure I shall go to God.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, be sure upon good grounds: Do you repent you of all your sins, known or unknown, confessed or not confessed; of all the sins which might proceed from error in judgment?

MONMOUTH. In general for all; I do with all my soul.

ASSISTANTS. God Almighty, of His infinite mercy, forgive you. Here are great numbers of spectators; here are the sheriffs, they represent the great city; and in speaking to them, you speak to the whole city; make some satisfaction, by owning your crime before them. [He was silent here.]

[Then all went to solemn commendatory prayers, which continued for a good space; the late Duke of

Monmouth and the company kneeling, and joining in them with great fervency.

Prayers being ended, before he, and the four who assisted him, were risen from their knees, he was again earnestly exhorted to a true and thorough repentance.

After they were risen up, he was exhorted to pray for the King; and was asked, Whether he did not desire to send some dutiful message to his Majesty, and to recommend his wife and children to his Majesty's favour.]

MONMOUTH. What harm have they done? Do it, if you please; I pray for him, and for all men.

[Then the Versicles were repeated.]

ASSISTANTS. O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us.

MONMOUTH. [He made the response.] And grant us thy salvation.

ASSISTANTS. [It followed.] O Lord, save the King.

MONMOUTH. And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

ASSISTANTS. Sir, do you not pray for the King with us? [The Versicle was again repeated.] O Lord, save the King.

MONMOUTH. [After some pause he answered] Amen.

[Then he spoke to the executioner concerning his undressing, etc., and he would have no cap, etc., and at the beginning of his undressing it was said to him on this manner.]

ASSISTANTS. My lord, you have been bred a soldier, you will do a generous, Christian thing, if you please

to go to the rail, and speak to the soldiers, and say, That here you stand a sad example of rebellion, and entreat them and the people to be loyal and obedient to the King.

MONMOUTH. I have said I will make no speeches: I will make no speeches: I come to die.

ASSISTANTS. My lord, ten words will be enough.

MONMOUTH. [Then calling his servant, and giving him something, like a tooth-pick case.] Here [said he], give this to the person to whom you are to deliver the other things.

MONMOUTH. [To the Executioner] Here are six guineas for you; pray do your business well; do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell; I have heard, you struck him three or four times. Here [to his servant], take these remaining guineas, and give them to him if he does his work well.

EXECUTIONER. I hope I shall.

MONMOUTH. If you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir.

[During his undressing and standing towards the block, there were used by those who assisted him diverse ejaculations proper at that time, and much of the 51st Psalm was repeated, and particularly, 'Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God,' etc.

Then he lay down, and soon after he raised himself upon his elbow, and said to the executioner, 'Prithee let me feel the axe': He felt the edge, and said 'I fear it is not sharp enough.']

EXECUTIONER. It is sharp enough, and heavy enough.

[Then he lay down again.

During this space many pious ejaculations were used by those that assisted him with great fervency. *Exempli gratia :* 'God accept your repentance: God accept your repentance: God accept your imperfect repentance: My lord, God accept your general repentance: God Almighty shew His omnipotent mercy upon you: Father, into Thy Hands we commend his spirit, etc.: Lord Jesus, receive his soul.'

Then the executioner proceeded to do his office.]

This is a true Account, Witness our Hands,

Francis, Ely. Thomas Tennison.
Thomas, Bath and Wells. George Hooper.

William Gostlin } Sheriffs.
Peter Vandeput }

Lord Somers's *Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts.*

THE DELICATE MISTRESS AND THE DOWNRIGHT WIFE

QUEEN CAROLINE, the King's wife.

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK, Mistress of the Robes and the King's mistress, now, after twenty years, fallen out of his favour.

Scene : St. James's Palace.

Time : November 1734.

LADY SUFFOLK. Madam, I believe your Majesty thinks I have more assurance than ever anybody had, to stay so long in your family after the public marks the King has given me of his displeasure. What occasioned my not waiting sooner upon your Majesty you will not think was owing to assurance. I have ever had, and hope I have ever shown it, the greatest duty and attention to everything that relates to you, and I could not think it proper whilst you were indisposed to trouble you with anything regarding me. I come now, Madam, to beg leave to retire.

QUEEN. You surprise me, what do you mean? I don't believe the King is angry. How has he shown his displeasure? Did I receive you as if you were under mine?

LADY S. No, Madam, if your Majesty had treated me in the same manner the King did, I could never again have appeared in your presence.

QUEEN. Child, you dream. Why, I saw the King speak to you.

LADY S. Yes, Madam, but those few words more sensibly marked his displeasure than his silence either before or since.

QUEEN. Tell me, has the King really never been down with you since your return?

LADY S. No, Madam.

QUEEN. Upon my word I did not know it.

LADY S. Will your Majesty give me leave to tell you what has passed?

QUEEN. I hope you take nothing ill of me. I would have seen you.

LADY S. Your Majesty did.

QUEEN. Come, my dear Lady Suffolk, you are very warm, but believe me, I am your friend, your best friend. You don't know a Court.

LADY S. I am very sensible I do not, and feel at this time a most convincing proof of that ignorance. But I fear, Madam, if I have not acquired knowledge in twenty years I never shall now.

QUEEN. Why don't you talk to your friends? Indeed you cannot judge this for yourself. I always do so.

LADY S. If twenty years' service has not been able to defend me from falling a sacrifice to my enemies, would your Majesty have me, by calling in my friends, make them answerable for the measures I may take and involve them in my ruin?

QUEEN. Child, they are your enemies who want to get you out, and they will be the first to drop you. Oh, my dear Lady S., you do not know how differently, when you are out, people will behave.

LADY S. Madam, the first part of what you say I am very sure of, but really I do not understand the second, and that some people may show me it was the courtier and not me that was liked, I cannot say that the keeping of such acquaintance will be an inducement to keep me at Court. Surely, Madam, such are better lost.

QUEEN. You are very warm.

LADY S. Madam, I beg that if in talking to your Majesty I use any word that does not mark the greatest respect to the King, you will be pleased to tell me, for I come fully determined to take my leave with the same respect, submission and duty, with which I have behaved for twenty years. Your Majesty has often told me that I have never failed in anything for your service in either of those places you have honoured me with, and indeed, Madam, I don't know how far your Majesty may think it respectful to make this declaration, but I beg it may be permitted me for a moment to speak of the King as of a man only who was my friend. He has been dearer to me than my own brother, so, Madam, as a friend I feel resentment at being ill-treated and sorrow to have lost his friendship, but as my King and master, I have the greatest submission to his pleasure, yet I wish I knew of what I am accused, though I know my innocence, as it must be some horrid crime.

QUEEN. Oh, fie! You commit a crime! Don't talk so.

LADY S. Madam, as I know his Majesty's justice and his warmth of friendship, I know he could not for anything less punish me so severely.

QUEEN. Lady Suffolk, I daresay if you will have a little patience the King will treat you as he does the other ladies, and I suppose that would satisfy you.

LADY S. No, Madam.

QUEEN. Why, did you never see him show what you

call resentment to the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Albemarle?

LADY S. Madam, I believe those ladies have more merit than I, and in every respect of greater consequence, but this case is very different; they have not lived twenty years conversing with his Majesty every day, nor had the same reason to think themselves honoured with his friendship, nor has it been in his power to give so public or remarkable instance of his displeasure to them. Consider, Madam, I have been absent seven weeks, return sooner than was proper for my health to do my duty in my place to your Majesty, and to show my respect to him upon his birthday.

QUEEN. I heard when you was at the Bath that you did not design to come back, but I did not mind such reports.

LADY S. I heard too, Madam, that I was not to come back, for my business was done at Court; but I knew that I had a mistress who had often told me that she was perfectly satisfied with my services. I knew that I had a King and a master and a friend whom I could not, nor ever will, suspect of any injustice, who would not punish me without I was guilty, and I know, Madam, I have done nothing, but still these reports must make me think his Majesty's public neglect could not escape any of the standers-by, and I knew it was remarked to my brother, who came on Thursday morning and asked if it was true that the King had taken no notice of me since my return from Bath.

QUEEN. Well, child, you know the King leaves it to me. I will answer for it, that all will be as well with you as with any of the ladies, and I am sure you cannot leave my service then.

LADY S. Really, Madam, I don't see any possibility of my continuing in it. I have lost what was dearer to me than anything in the world. I am to be upon the foot of the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Albemarle, so by the public thought to be forgiven some great offence, because I have been your servant twenty years. No, Madam! I never will be forgiven an offence I have not committed.

QUEEN. You won't be forgiven! This is indeed the '*Great Horse*.'[1] Why *I* am forgiven!

LADY S. Madam, your Majesty and I cannot be named together. It's a play of words for your Majesty, but a serious thing for me.

QUEEN. Why, child, I am the King's subject as well as you.

LADY S. Madam, what I mean is that I cannot make your Majesty understand without you will be pleased to lay aside the Queen and to put yourself in my place. After five and twenty years to be ill-treated without knowing my crime and then to stay upon the foot of Lady Albemarle.

QUEEN. Upon my word, Lady S., you don't consider what the world will say. For God's sake consider your character. You leave me because the King will not be more particular to you than to others!

LADY S. Madam, as to my character the world must

[1] Perhaps equivalent to the 'high horse.'

have settled that long ago, whether just or unjust. But, Madam, I believe I have never been suspected of betraying his Majesty, or of having done anything dishonest by any person whatsoever, and I defy my greatest enemy (your Majesty owns I have such) to prove anything against me, and I cannot, nor will not, submit to anything which may make that believed of me.

QUEEN. Oh, fie, Lady Suffolk, this is a very fine notion, a principle out of *Clelia*, or of some other romance.

LADY S. This may not be a Court principle, but I believe it is a just one and a proper one for me to have.

QUEEN. I will send you down one. Come, you love figures! Let me persuade you 2–3. Go down think of this. There are people who want you out of Court, and they will be the first to drop you.

LADY S. Madam, I consult nobody in this, there is no occasion.

QUEEN. But you cannot judge for yourself. Let me prevail: put yourself in somebody's hands and let them act for you. Indeed you are too warm. You are not fit to act for yourself.

LADY S. [Repeated the same as before.]

QUEEN. No, indeed very respectful; but you will repent it. I cannot give you leave to go.

LADY S. When anybody can feel what I have and be so entirely me, as to be the only sufferer for the advice they give, I might follow the method your Majesty proposes, but as that is impossible I must beg leave to act for myself. I wish I might know what I have

been accused of. It is in my absence that I have been ruined in his Majesty's favour. At the Bath I had a thousand witnesses to my behaviour. I know my own innocence. Nobody dares tell me that to their knowledge I have ever failed in my duty in any manner.

QUEEN. You are a very great horse! Not dare to tell you you have been guilty!

LADY S. No, Madam, for the Princess your daughter could justify my behaviour; Lord C——g, and many more. What I meant was no regard to myself that I cannot think any wretch so abandoned to all shame as to stand in it, having the falsehood (pardon the word) shown them by such a number as was there.

QUEEN. Pray, Lady S., how did you live at the Bath?

LADY S. [Here I told all. Who B.[1] dined, and what happened to Lord B.[2]] No party's distinguished two to one.

QUEEN. Lady S., pray consider! Be calm!

LADY S. Madam, I beg your permission to retire; indeed, Madam, I have not slept since I came into your house, and believe I never shall under this suspicion of guilt. Madam, will you give me leave to mention my observation, and not think me impertinent? I am sure by your looks when I assert my innocence that your Majesty knows of what I am accused.

QUEEN. Oh, oh! Lady S., you want to get it out of me.

[1] Perhaps the Hon. George Berkeley, whom Lady Suffolk shortly afterwards married.

[2] Perhaps Lord Bolingbroke.

LADY S. Madam, I do want to stand the accusation. I am not afraid. I know it would be to the confusion of my accusers.

QUEEN. I will not give you leave to go. I tell you plainly if you go to-day you go without my consent.

LADY S. Madam, I beg you would reflect upon my unhappy situation. I own that after what passed that the next time I saw his Majesty I should have dropt down if I had not gone out.

QUEEN. Well, Lady Suffolk. Will you refuse me this? Stay a week longer. Won't you stay a week at my request?

LADY S. Yes, Madam, I will obey you, but as I am under his Majesty's displeasure you will not expect my attendance, or that I come again to receive your commands.

QUEEN. Yes, I do, and I will see you again. Be sure you come again.

LADY S. I will obey your Majesty.

QUEEN. Hark ye, Lady Suffolk. You will come up as you used to do.

Lothian MSS. (Historical MSS. Commission).

POSTSCRIPT.—For a commentary on this conversation, which Lady Suffolk dictated to her nephew, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* may be quoted.

'The true reasons of her disgrace were the King's being thoroughly tired of her, her constant opposition to all his measures, her wearying him with her perpetual contradiction; her intimacy with Mr. Pope, who

had published several Satires, with his name to them, in which the King and all his family were rather more than obliquely sneered at; the acquaintance she was known to have with many of the opposing party, and the correspondence she was suspected to have with many more of them; and, in short, her being no longer pleasing to the King in her private capacity, and every day more disagreeable to him in her public conduct.

'About a fortnight, therefore, after her return from the Bath, finding the King persist in withholding his usual visits, she took the resolution of quitting the Court. She neither had, nor desired to have (that I ever heard, at least), any *éclaircissement* with the King, or to take any leave of him; but asked an audience of the Queen, with whom she was above an hour and a half alone, and resigned her employment as Mistress of the Robes. The next day she left the palace and went to her brother my Lord Hobart's house in St. James's Square. . . .

'Upon the Queen's mentioning Lady Suffolk's behaviour to her upon her leaving the Court, I said that was a thing that had excited my curiosity more than any incident that had ever happened since my being in it; for that I could not possibly imagine that Lady Suffolk could come to her Majesty and say "Madam, your husband being weary of me, I cannot possibly stay in your house or your service any longer"; and yet, if she did not say that, I could not comprehend what it was she did say. The Queen told me Lady Suffolk had not spoken her sense in those words, but that they

differed little in their purport from what I imagined was impossible for her to suggest. "Then, pray, madam," said I, "may I beg to know what was your Majesty's answer?" "I told her," said the Queen, "that she and I were not of an age to think of those sort of things in such a romantic way; and said, 'My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and, as I should be most extremely sorry to lose you, pray take a week to consider of this business, and give me your word not to read any romances in that time, and then I dare say you will lay aside all thought of doing what, believe me, you will repent, and what I am very sure I shall be very sorry for.'"'

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE II.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

LORD HERVEY, Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

Scene : St. James's Palace.

Time : 1735.

About nine o'clock every night the King used to return to the Queen's apartment from that of his daughters, where, from the time of Lady Suffolk's disgrace, he used to pass those evenings he did not go to the opera or play at quadrille—constraining them, tiring himself, and talking a little indecently to Lady Deloraine, who was always of the party.

At his return to the Queen's side, the Queen used often to send for Lord Hervey to entertain them till they retired, which was generally at eleven. One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting, whilst the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley on the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill-treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing of; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had pretended.' 'A pretty fellow for a

friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray, what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait' (and then he acted the Bishop's lameness), 'or his nasty stinking breath?—phaugh!—or his silly laugh, when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth? Or is it his great honesty that charms your Lordship?—his asking a thing of me for one man, and when he came to have it in his own power to bestow, refusing the Queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it? Or do you admire his conscience, that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury? (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago); or was it that he would not risk losing a shilling a year more whilst there was anything better to be got than what he had? My Lord, I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy and a very dull fellow and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the Government that has showed them that favour; and very modest in a canting hypocritical knave to be crying, "*The kingdom of Christ is not of this world*," at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives £6,000 or £7,000 a year. But he

is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the Government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favours from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power.'

During the whole time the King was speaking, the Queen, by smiling and nodding in proper places, endeavoured all she could, but in vain, to make her court by seeming to approve everything he said; and well, indeed, might she approve it, for it was almost word for word what she had said to Lord Hervey on this subject in the summer when the book first came out, which Lord Hervey, to flatter her, whilst she flattered the King, gave her to understand he remembered, by telling her very emphatically, when she asked him *what he had to say to all this*, 'Your Majesty knows already all I have to say on this subject'; and then added (to sweeten the King), 'but how partial soever I may be to my friend, I assure your Majesty I am not so partial to myself as to imagine, let his cause be ever so good, that I should be able to plead it with success against the very able counsel that I have just now heard draw up the charge on the other side.'

He then, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a Bishop of a very different stamp, who would never, he dared to answer for him, disturb his Majesty's Government with writing. (The man he meant was one Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, the dullest branch of episcopacy and the

most ignorant piece of orthodoxy in the whole kingdom.) 'As soon,' continued Lord Hervey, 'as Lord Wilmington, Lord Chancellor, and I, had to-day discharged your Majesty's commission in proroguing the Parliament, my Lord of Rochester carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII's Chapel, which were formerly overrun with rust and turned quite black, but are now new-cleaned, as bright as when they were first made, and the finest things of the kind I ever saw in my life.' Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My Lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to *Merlin's Cave*, to complete your nonsense there.' (This Merlin's Cave was a little building, so christened, which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond.) The Queen smiled, and said Merlin's Cave was complete already; and Lord Hervey, to remove the King's fears of this expense, said that it was a sort of work that, if his Majesty would give all the money in his exchequer, he could not have now. '*A propos*,' said the Queen, 'I hear the *Craftsman* has abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish, silly stuff,

and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right.'

This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation (I know not by what transition) fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money.' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in the country. He knew it was not, but said it was. He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars, it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home, as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools. Nor is it for *you*,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter

where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen coloured, and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she did before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill-humour from her) said to the King, that, as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she sees a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter is, Sir, that she satisfies her own curiosity and obliges the people whose houses she honours with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her Majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King, instead of answering Lord Hervey, then turned to the Queen, and, with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text.

The account of this conversation upon paper swells

into so great a length that I shall enumerate no more particulars; what I have said will suffice for a sample of this conference, and this conference for a sample of many more of the same kind.

Hervey: *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*

AFTER CULLODEN

THE YOUNG PRETENDER, in woman's disguise.
FLORA MACDONALD.
MACDONALD OF KINGSBURGH.
HIS WIFE.
THEIR DAUGHTER.
MALCOLM MACLEOD.

Scene : Kingsburgh in Skye.
Time : June 29, 30, 1746.

When the Prince came to Kingsburgh's house (Sunday, June 29th) it was between ten and eleven at night; and Mrs. MacDonald, not expecting to see her husband that night, was making ready to go to bed. One of her servant maids came and told her that Kingsburgh was come home and had brought some company with him. 'What company?' says Mrs. MacDonald. 'Milton's daughter, I believe,' says the maid, 'and some company with her.' 'Milton's daughter,' replies Mrs. MacDonald, 'is very welcome to come here with any company she pleases to bring. But you'll give my service to her, and tell her to make free with anything in the house; for I am very sleepy and cannot see her this night.' In a little her own daughter came and told her in a surprise, 'O mother, my father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her.'

She had scarce done with telling her tale when Kingsburgh came and desired his lady to fasten on her bucklings again, and to get some supper for him and the company he had brought with him. 'Pray, goodman,' says she, 'what company is this you have brought with you?' 'Why, goodwife,' said he, 'you shall know that in due time; only make haste and get some supper in the meantime.' Mrs. MacDonald desired her daughter to go and fetch her the keys she had left in the hall. When the daughter came to the door of the hall, she

started back, ran to her mother and told her she could not go in for the keys, for the muckle woman was walking up and down in the hall, and she was so frighted at seeing her that she could not have the courage to enter. Mrs. MacDonald went herself to get the keys, and I heard her more than once declare that upon looking in at the door she had not the courage to go forward. 'For,' said she, 'I saw such an odd muckle trallup of a carlin, making lang wide steps through the hall that I could not like her appearance at all.' Mrs. MacDonald called Kingsburgh, and very seriously begged to know what a lang, odd hussie was this he had brought to the house; for that she was so frighted at the sight of her that she could not go into the hall for her keys. 'Did you never see a woman before,' said he, 'goodwife? What frights you at seeing a woman? Pray, make haste, and get us some supper.'

Kingsburgh would not go for the keys, and therefore his lady behoved to go for them. When she entered the hall, the Prince happened to be sitting; but immediately, he arose, went forward and saluted Mrs. MacDonald, who, feeling a long stiff beard, trembled to think that this behoved to be some distressed nobleman or gentleman in disguise, for she never dreamed it to be the Prince, though all along she had been seized with a dread she could not account for from the moment she had heard that Kingsburgh had brought company with him. She very soon made out of the hall with her keys, never saying one word. Immediately she importuned Kingsburgh to tell her who the person

was, for that she was sure by the salute that it was some distressed gentleman. Kingsburgh smiled at the mention of the bearded kiss, and said: 'Why, my dear, it is the Prince. You have the honour to have him in your house.'

'The Prince!' cried she. 'O Lord, we are a' ruin'd and undone for ever! We will a' be hang'd now!' 'Hout, goodwife,' says the honest stout soul, 'we will die but ance; and if we are hanged for this, I am sure we die in a good cause. Pray, make no delay; go, get some supper. Fetch what is readiest. You have eggs and butter and cheese in the house, get them as quickly as possible.' 'Eggs and butter and cheese!' says Mrs. MacDonald, 'what a supper is that for a Prince?' 'O goodwife,' said he, 'little do you know how this good Prince has been living for some time past. These, I can assure you, will be a feast to him. Besides, it would be unwise to be dressing a formal supper, because this would serve to raise the curiosity of the servants, and they would be making their observations. The less ceremony and work the better. Make haste and see that you come to supper.' 'I come to supper!' says Mrs. MacDonald; 'how can I come to supper? I know not how to behave before Majesty.' 'You must come,' says Kingsburgh, 'for he will not eat a bit till he see you at the table; and you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him, so obliging and easy is he in his conversation.'

The Prince ate of our roasted eggs, some collops, plenty of bread and butter, etc., and (to use the words of Mrs. MacDonald) 'the deel a drap did he want in's

weam of twa bottles of sma' beer. God do him good o't; for, well I wat, he had my blessing to gae down wi't.' After he had made a plentiful supper, he called for a dram; and when the bottle of brandy was brought, he said he would fill the glass for himself; 'for,' said he, 'I have learn'd in my skulking to take a hearty dram.' He filled up a bumper and drank it off to the happiness and prosperity of his landlord and landlady. Then taking a cracked and broken pipe out of his pouch, wrapt about with thread, he asked Kingsburgh if he could furnish him with some tobacco; for that he had learned likewise to smoke in his wanderings. Kingsburgh took from him the broken pipe and laid it carefully up with the brogs, and gave him a new clean pipe and plenty of tobacco.

The Prince and Kingsburgh turned very familiar and merry together, and when the Prince spoke to Kingsburgh, he for the most part laid his hand upon Kingsburgh's knee and used several kind and obliging expressions in his conversation with the happy landlord. Kingsburgh remarked what a lucky thing it was that he happened to be at Mougstot (Sir Alexander MacDonald's house), and that it was all a matter of chance that he was there, for he had no design of being there that day. And then he asked the Prince what he would have done if he had not been at Mougstot. The Prince replied, 'Why, Sir, you could not avoid being at Mougstot this day; for Providence ordered you to be there upon my account.' Kingsburgh became so merry and jocose that, putting up his hand to the Prince's

face, he turned off his head-dress, which was a very odd clout of a mutch or toy; upon which Mrs. MacDonald hasted out of the room and brought a clean nightcap for him.

Both Kingsburgh and his lady said that the Prince's face and hands were very much sun-burnt. But they declared he had not a spot of the itch upon him, though a silly report had been raised by his malicious enemies that he was scabbed to the eye-holes. His legs, they said, were hacked in some parts, which was occasioned by his walking and sleeping so often in wet hose. Mrs. MacDonald used the freedom to put up the sleeve of his gown and of his shirt (a very coarse dud), 'and there,' said she, 'I saw a bonny, clean, white skin indeed. The deel a lady in a' the land has a whiter and purer skin than he has.'

Next morning Mrs. MacDonald went to Miss Flora's bedside before she got up and asked of her an account of the adventure. Miss (among other things) told her that there was not any other probable way of saving the Prince but that single one which had been used, and that it had the appearance of a desperate attempt at best: that Lady Clanronald provided them with women's clothes for the disguise, and that she had contributed all in her power for preserving the Prince out of the hands of his enemies. Mrs. MacDonald desired to know what was become of the boat and the rowers. 'They returned directly,' said Miss Flora, 'to South Uist.' Mrs. MacDonald declared great concern to hear that, because upon their return they would

immediately be seized by the military and harshly used to tell what they knew. 'I wish,' said Mrs. MacDonald, 'you had sunk the boat and kept the boatmen in Skye, where they could have been concealed, and then we would have known the better what to have done with the Prince, because his enemies by this means would have lost scent of him. But all will be wrong by their returning to South Uist.' 'I hope not,' said Miss, 'for we took care to depone them before they parted from us.' 'Alas!' replied Mrs. MacDonald, 'your deponing of them will not signify a farthing. For if once the military get hold of them they will terrify them out of their senses and make them forget their oath.'

As Mrs. MacDonald said, so it happened. The boatmen were made prisoners instantly upon their landing in South Uist and threatened with tortures if they did not declare everything they knew, which (to avoid pain, and perhaps death itself) they complied with. From their declaration no doubt it happened that his enemies could specify the particular parts of the dress the Prince was disguised in, even to the nicety of telling the colour of the gown.

After Miss Flora had got up, Mrs. MacDonald told her that she wanted much to have a lock of the Prince's hair, and that she behoved to go into his room and get it for her. Miss Flora refused to do as she desired, because the Prince was not yet out of bed. 'What then,' said Mrs. MacDonald, 'no harm will happen to you. He is too good to harm you or any person. You must

instantly go in and get me the lock.' Mrs. MacDonald, taking hold of Miss with one hand, knocked at the door of the room with the other. The Prince called, 'Who is there?' Mrs. MacDonald, opening the door, said, 'Sir, it is I, and I am importuning Miss Flora to come in and get a lock of your hair to me, and she refuses to do it.' 'Pray,' said the Prince, 'desire Miss MacDonald to come in. What should make her afraid to come where I am?' When Miss came in he begged her to sit down on a chair at the bedside, then laying his arms about her waist, and his head upon her lap, he desired her to cut out the lock with her own hands in token of future and more substantial favours. The one half of the lock Miss gave to Mrs. MacDonald and the other she kept herself. I heard Mrs. MacDonald say that when Miss Flora at any time happened to come into the room where the Prince was, he always rose from his seat, paid her the same respects as if she had been a queen, and made her sit on his right hand.

Kingsburgh visited the Prince before he got out of bed and asked how he had rested all night. 'Never better,' replied he, 'for I have rested exceedingly well, having slept, I believe, nine or ten hours without interruption.' Then it was that the conversation happened about Lord George Murray and the landing of the French, etc.

When the Prince had got himself dressed in the Highland clothes at the side of the wood, he embraced Kingsburgh in his arms and bade him a long and a happy adieu, most affectionately thanking him for all

his services, and assuring him he would never forget them. Then the Prince wept, and some drops of blood fell from his nose. Kingsburgh could not refrain from weeping too and, when he saw the blood, expressed his concern, dreading the Prince not to be in health, with the fatigues, fastings, etc., he was obliged to undergo. The Prince assured him he was in very good health, and that this was no extraordinary thing with him at all. 'This,' said he, 'is only the effect of parting with a dear friend, and ordinarily it happens to me in such a case. Alas! Kingsburgh, I am afraid I shall not meet with another MacDonald in my difficulties.' When Kingsburgh returned to his own house he told his lady that after the Prince had got on the Highland dress and the claymore in his hand he was a soger-like man indeed.

I heard Mrs. MacDonald of Kingsburgh say that she had the following particulars from Malcolm MacLeod's own mouth before he was made prisoner. Malcolm went with the Prince and MacKinnon to the shore to see them fairly boated for the continent. When he was about to take leave of the Prince he spied some ships coming in sight and hovering about the coast. He intreated the Prince not to go on board for some time, but to wait till he should see how these ships steered their course; 'For just now,' said he, 'the wind blows so as to fetch them this way and to hinder your passing to the continent.' The Prince replied, 'Never fear, MacLeod, I'll go on board directly. The wind will change immediately and make these ships steer a

contrary course. Providence will take care of me, and it will not be in the power of these ships to look near me at this time.' Malcolm MacLeod declared that the Prince's words made him astonished and determined him to sit down upon the shore to see what would happen. He said that the Prince and his small retinue had not rowed many yards from the shore till the wind changed to a point directly opposite to what it had been, and blowing pretty briskly, made the ships steer so as to be soon out of sight. Mr. MacLeod affirmed that in all the course of his life he had never known any man that had such a firm trust and well-grounded confidence as the Prince was remarkably endued with.

The Lyon in Mourning.

A QUESTION OF ART

WILLIAM HOGARTH, the celebrated painter.

HORACE WALPOLE, the celebrated dilettante, at present engaged on his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*.

Scene : Mr. Hogarth's studio.

Time : May 1761.

A QUESTION OF ART

I SPENT Sunday as if it were Apollo's birthday; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual fast pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Œstrus at present resides in Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent. 'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' The *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin whore, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper has given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down, and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way.

W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth.

H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people.

W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters?

H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill (you know he married Sir James Thornhill's daughter): I would not have you say anything against him; but there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter.

W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether Sir James Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits.

H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash.

W. I believe it is not much known what my work is; very few persons have seen it.

H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it?

W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Virtue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish anything, I give it to the world to think of it as they please.

H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better.

W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me.

Letters of Horace Walpole.

A DISCUSSION ON WINE

Doctor Samuel Johnson.
James Boswell.
General Pascal Paoli.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Bennet Langton.
John Spottiswoode.

Scene : General Paoli's house.
Time : April 28, 1778.

A DISCUSSION ON WINE

On Tuesday, April 28, he [Johnson] was engaged to dine at General Paoli's, where, as I have already observed, I was still entertained in elegant hospitality, and with all the ease and comfort of a home. I called on him, and accompanied him in a hackney-coach. We stopped first at the bottom of Hedge Lane, into which he went to leave a letter, 'with good news for a poor man in distress,' as he told me. I did not question him particularly as to this. He himself often resembled Lady Bolingbroke's lively description of Pope: that 'he was *un politique aux choux et aux raves*.' He would say, 'I dine to-day in Grosvenor Square'; this might be with a duke; or, perhaps, 'I dine to-day at the other end of the town'; or, 'A gentleman of great eminence called on me yesterday.' He loved thus to keep things floating in conjecture: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. I believe I ventured to dissipate the cloud, to unveil the mystery, more freely and frequently than any of his friends. We stopped again at Wirgman's, the well-known *toy-shop* in St. James's Street, at the corner of St. James's Place, to which he had been directed, but not clearly, for he searched about some time, and could not find it at first; and said, 'To direct one only to a corner shop is *toying* with one.' I suppose he meant this as a play upon the word *toy*: it was the first time that I knew him stoop to such sport. After he had been some time in the shop, he sent for me to come out of the coach, and help him to choose a pair of silver buckles,

as those he had were too small. Probably this alteration in dress had been suggested by Mrs. Thrale, by associating with whom his external appearance was much improved. He got better clothes; and the dark colour, from which he never deviated, was enlivened by metal buttons. His wigs, too, were much better; and, during their travels in France, he was furnished with a Paris-made wig of handsome construction.

This choosing of silver buckles was a negotiation: 'Sir,' said he, 'I will not have the ridiculous large ones now in fashion; and I will give no more than a guinea for a pair.' Such were the *principles* of the business; and, after some examination, he was fitted. As we drove along, I found him in a talking humour, of which I availed myself.

BOSWELL. I was this morning in Ridley's shop, Sir; and was told, that the collection called 'Johnsoniana' had sold very much.

JOHNSON. Yet the *Journey to the Hebrides* has not had a great sale.

BOSWELL. That is strange.

JOHNSON. Yes, Sir; for in that book I have told the world a great deal that they did not know before.

BOSWELL. I drank chocolate, Sir, this morning with Mr. Eld; and, to my no small surprise, found him to be a *Staffordshire Whig*, a being which I did not believe had existed.

JOHNSON. Sir, there are rascals in all countries.

BOSWELL. Eld said, a *Tory* was a creature generated between a nonjuring parson and one's grandmother.

JOHNSON. And I have always said, the first *Whig* was the Devil.

BOSWELL. He certainly was, Sir. The Devil was impatient of subordination; he was the first who resisted power:

'Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.'

[At General Paoli's were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Marchese Gherardi of Lombardy, and Mr. John Spottiswoode, the younger, of Spottiswoode, the solicitor. At this time fears of an invasion were circulated; to obviate which Mr. Spottiswoode observed, that Mr. Fraser, the engineer, who had lately come from Dunkirk, said, that the French had the same fears of us.]

JOHNSON. It is thus that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace. Were one half of mankind brave, and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life; all would be continually fighting; but being all cowards, we go on very well.

[We talked of drinking wine.]

JOHNSON. I require wine only when I am alone. I have then often wished for it, and often taken it.

SPOTTISWOODE. What, by way of a companion, Sir?

JOHNSON. To get rid of myself, to send myself away. Wine gives great pleasure; and every pleasure is of itself a good. It is a good unless counterbalanced by evil. A man may have a strong reason not to drink wine; and that may be greater than the pleasure. Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. I do

not say that it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost. But this may be good, or it may be bad.

SPOTTISWOODE. So, Sir, wine is a key which opens a box; but this box may be either full or empty?

JOHNSON. Nay, Sir, conversation is the key: wine is a picklock, which forces open the box, and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine, which wine gives.

BOSWELL. The great difficulty of resisting wine is from benevolence. For instance, a good worthy man asks you to taste his wine, which he has had twenty years in his cellar.

JOHNSON. Sir, all this notion about benevolence arises from a man's imagining himself to be of more importance to others than he really is. They don't care a farthing whether he drinks wine or not.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Yes, they do for the time.

JOHNSON. For the time! If they care this minute, they forget it the next. And as for the good worthy man, how do you know he is good and worthy? No good and worthy man will insist upon another man's drinking wine. As to the wine twenty years in the

cellar,—of ten men, three say this, merely because they must say something; three are telling a lie, when they say they have had the wine twenty years; three would rather save the wine; one, perhaps, cares. I allow it is something to please one's company; and people are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them. But after a man has brought himself to relinquish the great personal pleasure which arises from drinking wine, any other consideration is a trifle. To please others by drinking wine is something only if there be nothing against it. I should, however, be sorry to offend worthy men:—

'Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.'

BOSWELL. Curst be the *spring*, the *water*.

JOHNSON. But let us consider what a sad thing it would be, if we were obliged to drink or do anything else that may happen to be agreeable to the company where we are.

LANGTON. By the same rule, you must join with a gang of cut-purses.

JOHNSON. Yes, Sir; but yet we must do justice to wine: we must allow it the power it possesses. To make a man pleased with himself, let me tell you, is doing a very great thing:—

'Si patriae volumus, si *nobis* vivere cari.'

[I was at this time myself a water-drinker, upon trial, by Johnson's recommendation.]

JOHNSON. Boswell is a bolder combatant than Sir Joshua: he argues for wine without the help of wine; but Sir Joshua with it.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. But to please one's company is a strong motive.

JOHNSON. [Who, from drinking only water, supposed everybody who drank wine to be elevated.] I won't argue any more with you, Sir. You are too far gone.

SIR JOSHUA. I should have thought so indeed, Sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done.

JOHNSON. [Drawing himself in, and, I really thought, blushing.] Nay, don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you.

SIR JOSHUA. At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it, that I might be like other people. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it.

JOHNSON. Sir, this is only saying the same thing over again.

SIR JOSHUA. No, this is new.

JOHNSON. You put it in new words, but it is an old thought. This is one of the disadvantages of wine, it makes a man mistake words for thoughts.

BOSWELL. I think it is a new thought; at least it is in a new *attitude*.

JOHNSON. Nay, Sir, it is only in a new coat; or an old coat with a new facing. [Then laughing heartily:] It is the old dog in a new doublet. An extraordinary instance, however, may occur, where a man's patron will do nothing for him, unless he will drink: *there* may be a good reason for drinking.

[I mentioned a nobleman, who I believed was really uneasy if his company would not drink hard.]

JOHNSON. That is from having had people about him whom he has been accustomed to command.

BOSWELL. Supposing I should be *tête-à-tête* with him at table?

JOHNSON. Sir, there is no more reason for your drinking with *him*, than his being sober with *you*.

BOSWELL. Why, that is true; for it would do him less hurt to be sober, than it would do me to get drunk.

JOHNSON. Yes, Sir; and from what I have heard of him, one would not wish to sacrifice himself to such a man. If he must always have somebody to drink with him, he should buy a slave, and then he would be sure to have it. They who submit to drink as another pleases, make themselves his slaves.

BOSWELL. But, Sir, you will surely make allowance for the duty of hospitality. A gentleman who loves drinking comes to visit me.

JOHNSON. Sir, a man knows whom he visits; he comes to the table of a sober man.

BOSWELL. But, Sir, you and I should not have been so well received in the Highlands and Hebrides, if I had not drunk with our worthy friends. Had I drunk water only as you did, they would not have been so cordial.

JOHNSON. Sir William Temple mentions, that in his travels through the Netherlands he had two or three gentlemen with him; and when a bumper was necessary, he put it on *them*. Were I to travel again through the islands, I would have Sir Joshua with me to take the bumpers.

BOSWELL. But, Sir, let me put a case. Suppose Sir Joshua should take a jaunt into Scotland; he does me the honour to pay me a visit at my house in the country; I am overjoyed at seeing him; we are quite by ourselves; shall I unsociably and churlishly let him sit drinking by himself? No, no, my dear Sir Joshua, you shall not be treated so; I *will* take a bottle with you.

[The celebrated Mrs. Rudd being mentioned:]

JOHNSON. Fifteen years ago, I should have gone to see her.

SPOTTISWOODE. Because she was fifteen years younger?

JOHNSON. No, Sir; but now they have a trick of putting everything into the newspapers.

[He begged to General Paoli to repeat one of the introductory stanzas of the first book of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, which he did; and then Johnson found fault with the simile of sweetening the edges of a cup for a child, being transferred from Lucretius into an epic poem. The General said he did not imagine Homer's poetry was so ancient as is supposed, because he ascribes to a Greek colony circumstances of refinement not found in Greece itself at a later period, when Thucydides wrote.]

JOHNSON. I recollect but one passage quoted by Thucydides from Homer, which is not to be found in our copies of Homer's works; I am for the antiquity of Homer, and think that a Grecian colony, by being nearer Persia, might be more refined than the mother country.

Boswell: *Life of Johnson.*

THE SWEETS OF LITERARY SUCCESS

MISS FRANCES BURNEY, whose second novel, *Cecilia*, is lately out.

MRS. MARY DELANY, an accomplished old lady.

MRS. HESTER CHAPONE, a blue-stocking.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Scene : Mrs. Delany's house in St. James's Place.

Time : Sunday, January 19, 1783.

And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety and gentleness are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said:

'You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new.'

And she saluted me. I did not, as with Mrs. Walsingham, retreat from her.

'Can you forgive, Miss Burney,' she continued, 'this great liberty I have taken with you, of asking for

your company to dinner? I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such extraordinary pleasure, that, as I could not be alone this morning, I could not bear to put it off to another day; and, if you had been so good to come in the evening, I might, perhaps, have had company; and I hear so ill that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age makes me stupid even more than I am by nature; and how grieved and mortified I must have been to know I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to hear her!'

She then mentioned her regret that we could not stay and spend the evening with her, which had been told her in our card of accepting her invitation, as we were both engaged, which, for my part, I heartily regretted.

'I am particularly sorry,' she added, 'on account of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who is so good as to come to me in an evening, as she knows I am too infirm to wait upon her Grace myself: and she wished so much to see Miss Burney. But she said she would come as early as possible, and you won't, I hope, want to go very soon?'

My time, I answered, was Mrs. Chapone's, and Mrs. Chapone said she could not stay later than half-past seven.

'Fie, fie!' cried Mrs. Delany, smiling; 'why Miss Larolles would not for the world go before eight. However, the Duchess will be here by seven, I dare say, for she said nothing should detain her.'

Mrs. Chapone then made me look at the paintings,

which I greatly admired; particularly a copy of Sacchariss, from Vandyke. There was also a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, which struck me very much; and, while I was noticing the gaiety of its countenance, Mrs. Delany, with an arch look, said:

'Yes, it is very *enjouée*, as *Captain Aresby* would say.'

And afterwards of some other, but I have forgot what, she said:

'I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never look at that picture without thinking of poor *Belfield*. You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not right to talk of these people; but we don't know how to speak at all now without, they are so always in our minds!'

Soon after we went to dinner, which was plain, neat, well cooked, and elegantly served. When it was over, I began to speak; and now, my Chesington auditors, look to yourselves!

'Will you give me leave, ma'am, to ask if you remember anybody of the name of Crisp?'

'Crisp?' cried she; 'what! Mrs. Ann Crisp?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'O surely! extremely well! a charming, an excellent woman she was; we were very good friends once; I visited her at Burford, and her sister, Mrs. Gast.'

Then came my turn, and I talked of the brother; but I won't write what I said.

Mrs. Delany said she knew him but very little; and by no means so much as she should have liked. I reminded her of a letter he wrote her from abroad, which she immediately recollected; and I told her that the

account I had heard from him and from Mrs. Gast, of her former friendship for Mrs. Ann Crisp, had first given me a desire to be acquainted with her.

'I am sure, then,' said she, 'I am very much obliged to them both; but how Mr. Crisp can so long have remembered so insignificant a body I don't know. I beg, however, when you write to him, you will give my compliments and thanks to him, and also to Mrs. Gast, for being so good as to think of me.'

Mrs. Chapone then asked me a hundred questions about Mr. Crisp, and said:

'Pray, is he a *Doctor Lyster*?'

'I don't know Dr. Lyster, ma'am,' cried I, very simply, for the book was so wholly out of my head at the time, that I really thought she meant some living character. They both laughed very much, and assured me they should soon teach me to remember names better, if I lived with them.

This Chesingtonian talk lasted till we went upstairs, and then she showed me the new art which she has invented. It is staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it out, so finely and delicately, that when it is pasted on paper or vellum, it has all the appearance of being pencilled, except that, by being raised, it has still a richer and more natural look. The effect is extremely beautiful. She invented it at seventy-five! She told me she did four flowers the first year; sixteen the second; and the third, 160; and after that many more. They are all from nature, and consist of the most curious flowers, plants and weeds, that are to be

found. She has been supplied with patterns from all the great gardens, and all the great florists in the kingdom. Her plan was to finish a thousand; but, alas! her eyes now fail her, though she has only twenty undone of her task.

She has marked the places whence they all came, on the back, and where she did them, and the year; and she has put her cypher, M.D., at the corner of each, in different coloured letters for every different year—such as red, blue, green, etc.

'But,' said she, 'the last year, as I found my eyes grew very dim, and threatened to fail before my work was completed, I put my initials in white, for I seemed to myself already working in my winding-sheet.'

I could almost have cried at the mingled resignation and spirit with which she made this melancholy speech.

Mrs. Chapone asked her whether any cold had lately attacked her eyes.

'No,' said she, smiling, 'nothing but my reigning malady, old age! 'Tis, however, what we all wish to obtain; and, indeed, a very comfortable state I have found it. I have a little niece coming to me soon, who will see for me.'

At about seven o'clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her face by any means so pleasing; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much

true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace curtseyed and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said:

'Miss Burney, ma'am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her.'

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him—where he lived, how he had his health, and whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known, and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy's kindness to me; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness it was to me to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr. Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

'If Miss Burney approves her,' said the Duchess, 'no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature.'

'Ah, ma'am,' cried Mrs. Delany, archly, 'and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read *Cecilia*?'

'Yes,' said she, laughing; 'I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times.'

'O terrible!' cried I, 'to make them out fifteen!'

'The reason,' continued she, 'I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!'

'But if your Grace had gone on with *Clarissa*,' said Mrs. Chapone, 'the latter part must certainly have affected you and charmed you.'

'O, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. *Cecilia* is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy

depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O, Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But, then, we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern.'

I am really ashamed to write on.

'For my part,' said Mrs. Chapone, 'when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half-killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry for excess of eagerness.'

'I only wish,' said the Duchess, 'Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name. So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while Mrs. Delany and I were disputing about Mrs. Delville, he very gravely said, "Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination; it is not a fact; don't be so earnest."'

'Ah, ma'am,' said Mrs. Delany, 'how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delville; so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman.'

'O, I hate her!' cried the Duchess, 'resisting that sweet Cecilia; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypocritical flattery.'

'I shall never forget,' said Mrs. Delany, 'your Grace's earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delville bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, "I'm glad of it with all my heart!"'

'What disputes, too,' said Mrs. Chapone, 'there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, "But there is though, for I'se one myself!"'

'The Harrels!—O, then, the Harrels!' cried Mrs. Delany.

'If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book,' cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, 'we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due—so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive.'

'Yes,' cried Mrs. Chapone, 'let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line.'

'No book,' said Mrs. Delany, 'ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read.'

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed, hear no more; for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected me; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my writing, I found it not without

difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, his quite ran over.

Of all the scenes of this sort in which I have been engaged, this has been the least painful to me, from my high respect for the personages, from their own elegance, in looking only at one another while they talked, and from having no witnesses either to watch me or to be wearied themselves: yet I still say only least painful; for pleasant nothing can make a conversation addressed to one who has no means in the world of taking any share in it.

This meeting had so long been in agitation, and so much desired by myself, that I have not spared for being circumstantial.

The Duchess had the good sense and judgment to feel she had drawn up her panegyric to a climax, and therefore here she stopped; so, however, did not we, for our coach was ready.

The Diary of Fanny Burney.

THE IRON DUKE AND THE ROYAL BROTHERS

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, Prime Minister.
CHARLES GREVILLE, Clerk to the Privy Council.

Scene : Apsley House.
Time : July 9, 1829.

THE IRON DUKE AND THE ROYAL BROTHERS

JULY 10TH. I dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; a very large party, for Mesdames the Duchesse d'Escars and Madame du Cayla; the first is the widow of the Duc d'Escars, who was Premier Maître d'Hôtel of Louis XVIII, and who was said to have died of one of the King's good dinners, and the joke was, 'Hier sa Majesté a eu une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort.' Madame du Cayla is come over to prosecute some claim upon this Government, which the Duke has discovered to be unfounded, and he had the bluntness to tell her so as they were going to dinner. She must have been good-looking in her youth; her countenance is lively, her eyes are piercing, clear complexion, and very handsome hands and arms; but the best part about her seemed to be the magnificent pearls she wore, though these are not so fine as Lady Conyngham's. All kings' mistresses seem to have a rage for pearls; I remember Madame Narischkin's were splendid. Madame du Cayla is said to be very rich and clever.

After dinner the Duke talked to me for a long time about the King and the Duke of Cumberland, and his quarrel with the latter. He began about the King's making Lord Aberdeen stay at the Cottage the other day when he had engaged all the foreign Ambassadors to dine with him in London. Aberdeen represented this to him, but his Majesty said 'it did not matter, he

should stay, and the Ambassadors should for once see that he was King of England.' 'He has no idea,' said the Duke, 'of what a King of England ought to do, or he would have known that he ought to have made Aberdeen go and receive them, instead of keeping him there.' He said the King was very clever and amusing, but that with a surprising memory he was very inaccurate, and constantly told stories the details of which all his auditors must know to be false. One day he was talking of the late King, and asserted that George III had said to himself, 'Of all the men I have ever known you are the one on whom I have the greatest dependence, and you are the most perfect gentleman.' Another day he said 'that he recollected the old Lord Chesterfield, who once said to him, "Sir, you are the fourth Prince of Wales I have known, and I must give your Royal Highness one piece of advice: stick to your father; as long as you adhere to your father you will be a great and a happy man, but if you separate yourself from him you will be nothing and an unhappy one"; and, by God (added the King), I never forgot that advice, and acted upon it all my life.' 'We all,' said the Duke, 'looked at one another with astonishment. He is extremely clever and particularly ingenious in turning the conversation from any subject he does not like to discuss.

'I,' added the Duke of Wellington, 'remember calling upon him the day he received the news of the Battle of Navarino. I was not a Minister, but Commander-in-Chief, and after having told me the news he asked me what I thought of it. I said that I knew nothing about

it, was ignorant of the instructions that had been given to the admiral, and could not give any opinion; but "one thing is clear to me, that your Majesty's ships have suffered very much, and that you ought to reinforce your fleet directly, for whenever you have a maritime force yours ought to be superior to all others." This advice he did not like; I saw this, and he said, "Oh, the Emperor of Russia is a man of honour," and then he began talking, and went on to Venice, Toulon, St. Petersburg, all over the Continent, and from one place and one subject to another, till he brought me to Windsor Castle.[1] I make it a rule never to interrupt him, and when in this way he tries to get rid of a subject in the way of business which he does not like, I let him talk himself out, and then quietly put before him the matter in question, so that he cannot escape

[1] This geographical excursion seems to have made a great impression on the Duke. In a letter to Lord Bathurst of Nov. 12, 1827, describing the interview, he says: 'He then began talking of the action in the Levant, of which the account had arrived in London that morning, of which he gave me the details; and he then asked me whether there would be war or not. I answered, "Why, Sir, there is war!" and I then went on and told him that I thought it was very important that he should take care to relieve as soon as possible the six disabled ships which had gone to Malta, two of which are to be refitted there and four to come home, or that otherwise he would find the Russians established in one island and the French in another by the time his squadron should be reinforced. I believe I there hit the right nail. He started immediately, said the Russians had a port already. Yes, Odessa in the Black Sea, but none in the Levant! He then set off full gallop, took me from the seat of war into the Ionian Islands, thence into Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Russia and Poland, and at last after a discourse of at least an hour and a quarter brought me home to Windsor Castle. I then took my leave and came away.'

from it. I remember when the Duke of Newcastle was going to Windsor with a mob at his heels to present a petition (during the late discussions) I went down to him and showed him the petition, and told him that they ought to be prevented from coming. He went off and talked upon every subject but that which I had come about, for an hour and a half. I let him go on till he was tired, and then I said, "But the petition, Sir; here it is, and an answer must be sent. I had better write to the Duke of Newcastle and tell him your Majesty will receive it through the Secretary of State; and, if you please, I will write the letter before I leave the house." This I did, finished my business in five minutes, and went away with the letter in my pocket. I know him so well that I can deal with him easily, but anybody who does not know him, and who is afraid of him, would have the greatest difficulty in getting on with him. One extraordinary peculiarity about him is, that the only thing he fears is ridicule. He is afraid of nothing which is hazardous, perilous, or uncertain; on the contrary, he is all for braving difficulties; but he dreads ridicule, and this is the reason why the Duke of Cumberland, whose sarcasms he dreads, has such power over him, and Lord Anglesey likewise; both of them he hates in proportion as he fears them.' I said I was very much surprised to hear this, as neither of these men were wits, or likely to make him ridiculous; that if he had been afraid of Sefton or Alvanley it could have been understood. 'But,' rejoined the Duke, 'he never sees these men, and he does not mind anybody he does not see; but the Duke of Cumberland and

Lord Anglesey he cannot avoid seeing, and the fear he has of what they may say to him, as well as of him, keeps him in awe of them. No man, however, knows the Duke of Cumberland better than he does; indeed, all I know of the Duke of Cumberland, I know from him, and so I told him one day. I remember asking him why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and he said, "Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or a friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them." And yet he suffers this man to have constant access to him, to say what he will to him, and often acts under his influence.' I said, 'You and the Duke of Cumberland speak now, don't you?' 'Yes, we speak. The King spoke to me about it, and wanted me to make him an apology. I told him it was quite impossible. "Why," said he, "you did not mean to offend the Duke of Cumberland, I am sure." "No, sir," said I; "I did not wish to offend him, but I did not say a word that I did not mean. When we meet the Royal Family in society, they are our superiors, and we owe them all respect, and I should readily apologise for anything I might have said offensive to the Duke; but in the House of Lords we are their peers, and for what I say there I am responsible to the House alone." "But," said the King, "he said you turned on him as if you meant to address yourself to him personally." "I did mean it, sir," said I, "and I did so because I knew that he had been here, that he had heard things from your Majesty which he had gone and misrepresented and misstated in other quarters, and

knowing that, I meant to show him that I was aware of it. I am sorry that the Duke is offended, but I cannot help it, and I cannot make him an apology." '

The Duke went on, 'I was so afraid he would tell the Duke that I was sorry for what I had said, that I repeated to him when I went away, "Now, sir, remember that I will not apologise to the Duke, and I hope your Majesty will therefore not convey any such idea to his mind." However, he spoke to him, I suppose, for the next time I met the Duke he bowed to me. I immediately called on him, but he did not return my visit. On a subsequent occasion [I forget what he said it was] I called on him again, and he returned my visit the same day.'

The Duke then talked of the letter which the Duke of Cumberland had just written (as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges) to Enniskillen, which he thought was published with the most mischievous intentions. However, he said, 'I know not what he is at, but while I am conscious of going on in a straightforward manner I am not afraid of him, or of anything he can do,' which I was surprised to hear, because it looked as if he was afraid of him. I asked him whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced great acuteness in discussing matters of business, to which he replied, 'Oh, no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be.' This was not the first time I had heard the Duke's opinion of the King. I remember him saying something to the Duke of Portland about him during the Queen's trial indicative of his contempt for him.

Greville Memoirs.